

# THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

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## THE GREAT HOUSE.

A STORY OF QUIET TIMES.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

#### AN AGENT OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

It is doubtful if even the great Reform Bill of '32, which shifted the base of power from the upper to the middle class, awoke more bitter feelings than did the *volte-face* of Peel in the winter of '45. Since the days of Pitt no statesman had enjoyed the popularity or wielded the power which had been Sir Robert's when he had taken office four years before. He had been more than the leader of the Tory party; he had been its re-creator. He had been more than the leader of the landed interest; he had been its pride. Men who believed that upon the welfare of that interest rested the stability of the constitution, men with historic names had walked on his right hand and on his left, had borne his train and carried his messages. All things, his origin, his formality, his pride, his quiet domestic life, even his moderation, had been forgiven in the man who had guided the Tories through the bad days, had led them at last to power, and still stood between them and the mutterings of this new industrial England, that hydra-like threatened and perplexed them.

And then—he had betrayed them. Suddenly, some held; in a panic, scared by God knows what bugbear! Coldly and deliberately, said others, spreading his treachery over years, laughing in his sleeve as he led them to the fatal edge. Those who took the former view made faint excuse for him, and perhaps still

clung to him. Those who held the latter thought no price too high, no sacrifice too costly, no effort too great, if they could but punish the traitor! If they could but pillory him for all to see.

So, in a moment, in the autumn of '45, as one drop of poison will cloud the fairest water, the face of public life was changed. Bitterness was infused into it, friend was parted from friend and son from father, the oldest alliances were dissolved. Men stood gaping, at a loss whither to turn and whom to trust. Many who had never in all their lives made up their own minds were forced to have an opinion and choose a side; and as that process is to some men as painful as a labour to a woman, the effect was to embitter things farther. How could one who for years past had cursed Cobden in all companies, and in moments of relaxation had drunk to a 'Bloody War and a Wet Harvest,' turn round and join the Manchester School? It could be done, it was done, but with what a rending of bleeding sinews only the sufferers knew!

Strange to say, few gave weight to Sir Robert's plea of famine in Ireland. Still more strange, when events bore out his alarm, when in the course of a year or two a quarter of a million in that unhappy country died of want, public feeling changed little. Those who had remained with him, stood with him still. Those who had banded themselves against him, held their ground. Only a handful allowed that he was honest, after all. Nor was it until he, who rode his horse like a sack, had died like a demi-god, with a city hanging on his breath, and weeping women filling all the streets about his house, that the traitor became the patriot.

But this is to anticipate. In December of '45, few men believed in famine. Few thought much of dearth. The world was angry, blood was hot, many dreamt of vengeance. Meantime Manchester exulted, and Coal, Iron, Cotton toasted Peel. But even they marvelled that the man who had been chosen to support the Corn Laws had the courage to repeal them!

Upon no one in the whole country did the news fall with more stunning effect than upon poor Stubbs at Riddsley. He had suspected Peel. He had disliked his measures, and doubted whither he was moving. He had even on the occasion of his resignation predicted that Sir Robert would support the repeal; but he had not thought worse of him than this, and the event left him not uncertain, nor under any stress as to making up his mind, but

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naked, as it were, in an east wind. He felt older. He owned that his generation was passing. He numbered the friends he had left and found them few. And though he continued to assert that no man had ever pitted himself against the land whom the land had not broken, doubt began to creep into his mind. There were hours when he foresaw the end of the warm farming days, of game and sport, of Horn and Corn, ay, and of the old toast, 'The farmer's best friend—the landlord,' to which he had replied at many an audit dinner.

One thing remained—the Riddsley election. He found some comfort in that. He drew some pleasure from the thought that Sir Robert might do what he pleased at Tamworth, he might do what he pleased in the Cabinet, in the Commons—there were toadies and turn-coats everywhere; but Riddsley would have none of him! Riddsley would remain faithful! Stubbs steeped himself in the prospect of the election, and in preparations for it. A dozen times a day he thanked his stars that the elder Mottisfont's weakness for Peel had provided this opening for his energies.

Not that even on this ground he was quite happy. There was a little bitter in the cup. He hardly owned it to himself, he did not dream of whispering it to others, but at the bottom of his mind he had ever so faint a doubt of his employer. A hint dropped here, a word there, a veiled question—he could not say which of these had given him the notion that his lordship hung between two opinions, and even—no wonder that Stubbs dared not whisper it—was weighing which would pay him best!

Such a thought was treason, however, and Stubbs buried it and trampled on it, before he went jauntily into the snug little meeting at the Audley Arms, which he had summoned to hear the old member's letter read and to accept the son as a candidate in his father's place. Those whom the agent had called were few and trusty; young Mottisfont himself, the rector and Dr. Pepper, Bagenal the maltster, Hogg the saddler, Musters the landlord, the 'Duke' from the Leasows (which was within the borough), and two other tradesmen. Stubbs had no liking for big meetings. He had been bred up to believe that speeches were lost labour, and if they must be made should be made at the Market Ordinary.

At such a gathering as this he was happy. He had the strings in his own hands. The work to be done was at his fingers' ends. At this table he was as great a man as my lord. With young

Mottisfont, who was by way of being a Bond Street dandy, solemn, taciturn, and without an opinion of his own, he was not likely to have trouble. The rector was enthusiastic, but indolent, Pepper an old friend. The rest were Stubbs's most obedient.

Stubbs read the retiring member's letter, and introduced the candidate. The rector boomed through a few phrases of approbation, Dr. Pepper seconded, the rest cried 'Hear! hear!'

'There's little to say,' Stubbs went on. 'I take it that we are all of one mind, gentlemen, to return Mr. Mottisfont in his father's place?'

'Hear! hear!' from all.

'In the old interest?' Stubbs went on, looking round the table. 'And on the clear understanding that Mr. Mottisfont is returned to oppose any tampering with the protection of agriculture.'

'That is so,' said Mr. Mottisfont.

'I will see that that is embodied in Mr. Mottisfont's address,' Stubbs continued. 'There must be no mistake. These are queer times——'

'Sad times!' said the rector, shaking his head.

'Terrible times!' said the maltster, shaking his.

'Never did I dream I should live to see 'em,' said old Hayward. 'Tisn't a month since a chap came on my land, ay, up to my very door, and said things—I'll be damned if I did not think he'd turn the cream sour! And when I cried "Sam! fetch a pitchfork and rid me of this rubbish——"'

'I know, Hayward,' Stubbs said, cutting him short. 'I know. You told me about it. You did very well. But to business. It shall be a short address—just that one point. We are all agreed, I think, gentlemen?'

All were agreed.

'I'll see that it is printed in good time,' Stubbs continued. 'I don't think that we need trouble you further, Mr. Mottisfont. There's a fat-stock sale this day fortnight. Perhaps you'll dine and say a few words? I'll let you know if it is necessary. There'll be no opposition. Hatton will have a meeting at the Institute, but nothing will come of it.'

'That's all, then, is it?' said the London man, sticking his glass in his eye with a sigh of relief.

'That's all,' Stubbs replied. 'If you can attend this day fort-

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night so much the better. The farmers like it, and they've fourteen votes in the borough. Thank you, gentlemen, that's all.'

'I think you've forgotten one thing, Mr. Stubbs,' said old Hayward, with a twinkle.

'To be sure, I have. Ring the bell, Musters, and send up the two bottles of your '20 port that I ordered, and some glasses. A glass of Musters' '20 port, Mr. Mottisfont, won't hurt you this cold day. And we must drink your health. And, Musters, when these gentlemen go down, see that they have what they call for.'

The port was sipped, tasted. Mr. Mottisfont's health was drunk, and various compliments were paid to his father. The rector took his two glasses; so did young Mottisfont, who woke up and vowed that he had tasted none better in St. James's Street. "Is it Garland's?" he asked.

'It is, sir,' Musters said, much pleased.

'I thought it was—none better!' said young Mottisfont, also pleased. 'The old Duke drinks no other.'

'Fine tittle! Fine tittle!' said the other 'Duke.' In the end a third bottle was ordered, of which Musters and old Hayward drank the better part.

At one of these meetings a sad thing had happened. A rash tradesman had proposed his lordship's health. Of course he had been severely snubbed. It had been considered most indecent. But on this occasion no one was so simple as to name my lord, and Stubbs felt with satisfaction that all had passed as it should. So had candidates been chosen as long as he could remember.

But call no man happy until the day closes. As he left the house Bagenal the maltster tacked himself on to him. 'I'd a letter from George this morning,' he said. George was his son, articled to Mr. Stubbs, and now with Mr. Stubbs's agents in town. 'He saw his lordship one day last week.'

'Ay, ay. I suppose Master George was in the West End? Wasting his time, Bagenal, I'll be bound.'

'I don't know about that. Young fellows like to see things. He went with a lot of chaps to see the crowd outside Sir Robert's. They'd read in a paper that all the nob's were to be seen going in and out. Anyway, he went, and the first person he saw going in was his lordship!'

Mr. Stubbs walked a few yards in silence. Then, 'Well, he's no sight to George,' he said. 'It seems to me they were both wasting their time. I told his lordship he'd do no good. When

half the dukes in England have been at Peel, d—n him, it wasn't likely he'd change his course for his lordship! It wasn't to be expected, Bagenal. Did George stop to see him come out?' 'He did. And in a thundering temper my lord looked.'

'Ay, ay! Well, I told him how it would be.'

'They were going in and out like bees, George said.'

'Ay, ay.'

They parted on that, and the lawyer went into his office. But his face was gloomy. 'Ay, like bees!' he muttered. 'After the honey! I wonder what *he* asked for! Whatever it was he couldn't have paid the price! I thought he knew that. I've a good mind—but there, we've held it so long, grandfather, father, and son—I can't afford to give it up.'

He turned into his office, but the day was spoiled for him. And the day was not done yet. He had barely sat down before his clerk, a thin, grey-haired man, high-nosed, with a look of breeding run to seed, came in, and closed the door behind him. Farthingale was as well known in Riddsley as the Maypole; gossip had it that he was a by-blow of an old name. 'I've heard something,' he said darkly, 'and the sooner you know it the better. They've got a man.'

Stubbs shrugged his shoulders. 'For repeal in Riddsley?' he said. 'You're dreaming!'

The clerk smiled. 'Well, you'd best be awake!' he said. He had been long enough with Stubbs to take a liberty. 'Who do you think it is?' he continued, rubbing his chin with the feather-end of a quill.

'Some methodist parson!'

Farthingale shook his head. 'Guess again, sir,' he said. 'You're cold at present. It's a bird of another feather.'

'A pretty big fool whoever he is!'

'Mr. Basset of Blore. I have it on good authority.'

Stubbs stared. He was silent for a time, thinking hard. 'Somebody's fooled you,' he said at last, but in a different tone. 'He's never shown a sign of coming out.'

The clerk looked wise. 'It's true,' he said. 'It cost me four goes of brown brandy at the Portcullis.'

'Well, you may score that to me,' Stubbs answered. 'Basset, eh? Well, he's throwing his money into the gutter if it's true, and he hasn't much to spare. I see Hatton's point. He's not the fool.'

'No. He's an old bird is Hatton.'

'But I don't see where Squire Basset comes in.'

Farthingale looked wiser than ever. 'Well,' he said, 'he may have a score to pay, too. And if he has, there's more ways than one of paying it!'

'What score?'

'Ah, I'm not saying that. Mr. John Audley's maybe—against his lordship.'

'Umph! If you paid off yours at the Porteuillis,' Stubbs retorted, losing his temper, 'the landlord wouldn't be sorry! Scores are a deal too much in your way, Farthingale!' he continued severely, forgetting in his annoyance the four goes of brown brandy. 'You're too much at home among 'em. Don't bring me cock-and-bull stories like this! I don't believe it. And get to that lease!'

But sure enough Farthingale's story proved to be well founded, for a week later it was known for certain in Riddsley that Mr. Basset of Blore was coming out, and that there would be a fight for the borough.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### MARY IS LONELY.

MARY AUDLEY was one of the last to hear the news. Etruria brought it from the town one day in January, when the evenings were beginning to lengthen, and the last hour of daylight was the driest of the twenty-four. It had rained, and the oaks in the park were a-drip, the thorn trees stood in tiny pools, the moorland lay stark under a pall of fog. In the vale the Trent was in flood, its pale waters swirling past the willow-stools, creeping over the chilled meadows, and stealing inch by inch up the waterside lanes. Etruria's feet were wet, and she was weary with her trudge through the mud; but when Mary met her on the tiny landing on which their rooms opened, there was a sparkle in the girl's eyes as bright as the red petticoat that showed below her tucked-up gown.

'You didn't forget—' Mary was beginning, and then, 'Why, Etruria,' she exclaimed, 'I believe you have seen Mr. Colet?'

Etruria blushed like the dawn. 'Oh, no, Miss!' she said. 'He's at Blore.'

'To be sure! Then what is it?'

'I've heard some news, Miss,' Etruria said. 'I don't know whether you'll be pleased or not.'

'But it is certain that you are!' Mary replied, with conviction. 'What is it?'

The girl told what she had heard: that there was to be an election at Riddsley in three weeks, and not only an election but a contest, and that the candidate who had come forward to oppose the Corn Laws was no other than Mr. Basset—their Mr. Basset! More, that only the evening before he had held his first meeting at the Institute, and though he had been interrupted and the meeting had been broken up, his short plain speech had made a considerable impression.

'Indeed, Miss,' Etruria continued, carried away by the subject, 'there was one told me that when he stood up to speak she could see his hand shake, and his face was the colour of a piece of paper. But when they began to boo and shout at him, he grew as cool as cool, and the longer they shouted the braver he was, until they saw that if they let him go on he would be getting a hearing! So they put out the lights and stormed the platform, and there was a fine Stafford row, I'm told. Of course,' Etruria added simply, 'the drink was in them.'

Mary hardly knew what her feelings were. 'Mr. Basset?' she said at last. 'I can hardly believe it.'

'Nor could I, Miss, when I first heard it. But it seems they have known it there for ten days and more, and the town is agog with it, everybody taking sides, and some so much against him as never was. It's dreadful to think,' Etruria continued, 'how misguided men can be. But oh, Miss, I'm thankful he's on the right side, and for taking the burden off the bread! I'm sure it will be returned to him, win or lose. They're farmers' friends here, and they're saying shameful things of him in the market! But there's many a woman will bless him, and the lanes and alleys, they've no votes, but they'll pray for him! Sometimes,' Etruria added shyly, 'I think it is Mr. Colet has brought him to it.'

'Mr. Colet?' Mary repeated—she did not know why she disliked the notion. 'Why do you think that?'

'He's been at Blore,' Etruria murmured. 'Mr. Basset has been so good to him.'

'Mr. Basset has a mind of his own,' Mary answered sharply. 'He is quite capable of forming his own opinion.'

'Of course, Miss,' Etruria said, abashed. 'I should have known that.'

'Yes,' Mary repeated. 'But what was it they were saying of Mr. Basset in the market, Etruria? Not that it matters.'

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'Well, Miss,' Etruria explained, reluctantly. 'They were saying it was some grudge Mr. Basset or the Master had against his lordship that brought Mr. Basset out.'

'Against Lord Audley?' Mary cried. And she blushed suddenly and vividly. 'Why? What has he to do with it?'

'Well, Miss, it's his lordship's seat,' Etruria answered naively; 'what he wishes has always been done in Riddsley. And he's for Mr. Mottisfont.'

Mary walked to a window and looked out. 'Oh,' she said, 'I did not know that. But you'd better go now, Etruria, and change your shoes. Your feet must be wet.'

Etruria went, and Mary continued to gaze through the window. What strange news! And what a strange situation! The lover whom she had rejected and the lover whom she had taken, pitted against one another! And her words—she could hardly doubt it—the spur which had brought Basset to the post!

So thinking, so pondering, she grew more and more ill at ease. Her sympathies should have been wholly with her betrothed, but they were not. She should have resented Basset's action. She did not. Instead she thought of his shaking hand and his pale face, and of the courage that had grown firmer in the face of opposition; and she found something fine in that, something that appealed to her. And the cause he had adopted? It was the cause to which she naturally inclined. She might be wrong, he might be wrong. Lord Audley knew so much more of these things and looked at them from so enlightened a standpoint, that they must be wrong. And yet—her heart warmed to that cause.

She turned from the window in some trouble, wondering if she were disloyal, wondering why she felt as she did; wondering a little, too, why she had lost the first rapture of her love, and was less happy in it than she had been.

True, she had not seen her lover again, and that might account for it. He had been detained at Lord Seabourne's, and in London; he had been occupied for days together with the crisis. But she had had three letters from him, busy as he was; three amusing letters, full of gossip and sprinkled with anecdotes of the great world. She had opened the first in something of a tremor; but her fingers had soon grown steady, and if she had blushed it had been for her expectation of a vulgar love-letter such as milkmaids prize. She had been silly to suppose that he would write in that strain.

And yet she had felt a degree of disappointment. He might have written with less reserve, she thought; he might have discussed their

plans and hopes, he might have let the fire peep somewhere through the chinks. But there, again, what a poor thing she was if her love must be fed with sweetmeats. How weak her trust, how poor her affection, if she could not bear a three weeks' parting! He had come to her, he had chosen her, what more did she want? Did she expect him to put aside the calls and the duties of his station, that he might hang on her apron-strings?

Still, she was not in good spirits, and she felt her loneliness. The house, this grey evening, with the shadows gathering in the corners, weighed on her. Mrs. Toft was far away in her cosy kitchen, Etruria also had gone thither. Toft was with Mr. Audley in the other wing—he had been much with his master of late. So Mary was alone. She was not nervous, but she was depressed. The cold stairs, the austere parlour with its dim portraits, the matted hall, the fireless library—all struck a chill. She remembered other times and other evenings; cosy evenings, when the glow of the wood-fire had vied with the shaded lights, when the three heads had bent over the three tables, when the rustle of turning pages had blended with the snoring of the old hound, when the pursuit of some trifle had sped the pleasant hours. Alas, those evenings were gone, as if they had never been. The house was dull and melancholy.

She might have gone to her uncle, but during the afternoon he had told her that he wished to be alone; he should go to bed betimes. So about seven o'clock she took her meal by herself, and when it was done she felt more at a loss than ever. Presently her thoughts went again to John Audley.

Had she neglected him of late? Had she left him too much to Toft, and let her secret, which she hated to keep secret, come between them? Why should she not, even now, see him before he slept? She could take him the news of Mr. Basset's enterprise. It would serve for an excuse.

Lest her courage should fail she went at once, shivering as she passed through the shadowy library, where a small lamp, burning on a table, did no more than light her to the staircase. She ran up the stairs and was groping for the handle of Mr. Audley's door when the door opened abruptly and Toft stepped out, a candle in his hand. She was so close to him that he all but touched her, and he was, if anything, more startled than she was. He stood gaping at her.

Through the narrow opening she had a glimpse of her uncle, who was on his feet before the fire. He was fully dressed.

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That surprised her, for, even before this last attack, he had spent most of his time in his dressing-gown. Still more surprising was Toft's conduct. He shut the door and held it. 'The master is going to bed, Miss,' he said.

'I see that he is dressed!' she replied. And she looked at Toft in such a way that the man gave way, took his hand from the door, and stood aside. She pushed the door open and went in. Her uncle, standing with his back to her, was huddling on his dressing-gown.

'What is it?' he cried, his face averted. 'Who is it?'

'It is only I, sir,' she replied, 'Mary.' She closed the door.

'But I thought I told you that I didn't want you!' he retorted, pettishly. 'I am going to bed.' He turned, having succeeded in girding on his dressing-gown. 'Going to bed,' he repeated. 'Didn't I tell you so?'

'I'm very sorry, sir,' she said, 'but I had news for you. News that has surprised me. I thought that you would like to hear it.'

He looked at her, his furtive eyes giving the lie to his plump face, which sagged more than of old. 'News,' he muttered, peevishly.

'What news? I wish you wouldn't startle me. You ought to remember that—that excitement is bad for me. And you come at this time of night with news! What is it?' He was not looking at her. He seemed to be seeking something. 'What is it?'

'It's nothing very terrible,' she answered smiling. 'Nothing to alarm you, uncle. Won't you sit down?'

He looked about him like a man driven into a corner. 'No, I don't want to sit down!' he said. 'I ought to be in bed! I ought to be there now.'

'Well, I shall not keep you long,' she answered, trying to humour his mood, while all the time she was wondering why he was dressed at this time, he whom she had not seen dressed for a fortnight. And why had Toft tried to keep her out? 'It is only,' she continued, 'that I heard to-day that there is to be a contest at Riddsley. And that Mr. Basset is to be one of the candidates.'

'Is that all?' he said. 'News, you said? That's no news! Bigger fool he, unless he does more for himself than he does for his friends! Peter the Hermit become Peter the Great! He'll soon find himself Peter the Piper, who picked a peck of pepper! Hot pepper he'll find it, d—n him!' with sudden spite. 'He's no better than the rest! He's all for himself! All for himself!' he repeated, his voice rising in his excitement.



‘But——’

‘There, don’t agitate me!’ He wiped his brow with a shaking hand, while his eyes, avoiding hers, continued to look about him as if he sought something. ‘I knew how it would be. You’ve no thought for me. You don’t remember how weak I am! Hardly able to crawl across the floor, to put one foot before another. And you come chattering! chattering!’

She had thought him odd before, but never so odd as this evening; and she was sorry that she had come. She was going to say what she could and escape, when he began again. ‘You’re the last person who should upset me! The very last!’ he babbled. ‘When it’s all for you! It’s little good it can do me. And Basset, he’d the ball at his foot, and wouldn’t kick it! But I’ll show you, I’ll show you all!’ he continued, gesticulating in a way that distressed Mary. ‘Ay, and I’ll show *him* what I am! He thinks he’s safe, d—n him! He thinks he’s safe! He’s spending my money and adding up my balance! He’s walking on my land and sleeping in my bed! He’s peacocking in my name! But—but—’ he stopped, struggling for words. For an instant he showed over his shoulder a face distorted by passion.

Thoroughly alarmed, she tried to soothe him. ‘But I am sure, sir,’ she said, ‘Mr. Basset would never——’

‘Basset!’

‘I’m sure he never dreamt——’

‘Basset!’ he repeated. ‘No! but Audley! Lord Audley, Audley of Beaudelays, Audley of nowhere and nothing! And no Audley! no Audley!’ he repeated furiously, while again he fought for breath, and again he mastered himself and lowered his tone. ‘No Audley!’ he whispered, pointing a hand at her, ‘but Jacob, girl! Jacob the supplanter, Jacob the changeling, Jacob the base-born! And he thinks I lie awake of nights, hundreds of nights, for nothing! He thinks I dream of him—for nothing! He thinks I go out with the bats—for nothing! He thinks I have a canker here! Here!’ And he clapped his hand to his breast, a grotesque, yet dreadful figure in his huddled dressing-gown, his flaccid cheeks quivering with rage. ‘For nothing! But I’ll show him! I’ll ruin him! I’ll——’

His voice, which had risen to a scream, stopped. Toft had opened the door. ‘Sir! Mr. Audley!’ he cried. ‘For God’s sake be calm! For God’s sake have a care, sir! And you, Miss,’ he continued; ‘you see what you have done! If you’ll leave him I’ll get him to bed. I’ll get him to bed and quiet him—if I can.’



Mary was shocked, and yet she felt that she could not go without a word. 'Dear uncle,' she said, 'you wish me to go?'

He had clutched one of the posts of the bed and was supporting himself by it. The fire had died down in him, he was no more now than a feeble, shaking old man. He wiped his brow and his lips. 'Yes, go,' he whispered. 'Go!'

'I am very sorry I disturbed you,' she said. 'I won't do it again. You were right, Toft. Good night!'

The man said 'Good night, Miss.' Her uncle said nothing. He had let himself down on the bed, but he still clung to the post. Mary looked at him in sorrow, grieved to leave him in this state. But she had no choice. She went out and, closing the door behind her, groped her way down the narrow staircase.

It was a little short of ten when she reached the parlour, but she was in no mood for reading. What she had seen had shocked and frightened her. She was sure now that her uncle was not sane; and while she was equally sure that Toft exercised a strong influence over him, she had her misgivings as to that. Something must be done. She must consult some one. Life at the Gatehouse could not go on on this footing. She must see Dr. Pepper.

Unluckily when she had settled this to her mind, and sought her bed, she could not sleep. Long after she had heard Etruria go to her room, long after she had heard the girl's shoes fall—familiar sound!—Mary lay awake, thinking now of her uncle's state and her duty towards him, now of her own future, that future which seemed for the moment to have lost its brightness. Doubts that the sun dismisses, fears at which daylight laughs, are Giants of Despair in the small hours. So it was with her. Misgivings which she would not have owned in the daylight, rose up and put on grisly shapes. Her uncle and his madness, her lover and his absence, passed in endless procession through her brain. In vain she tossed and turned, sat up in despair, tried the cooler side of the pillow. She could not rest.

The door creaked. She fancied a step on the staircase, a hand on the latch. Far away in the depths of the house a clock struck. It was three o'clock—only three o'clock! And it would not be light before eight—not much before eight. Oh dear! Oh dear! And then she slept.

When she awoke it was morning, the light was filtering in through the white dimity curtains, and some one was really at her door. Some one was knocking. She sat up. 'What is it?' she cried.

'Can I come in, Miss?'

The voice was Mrs. Toft's, and Mary needed no second warning. She knew in a moment that the woman brought bad news. She sprang out of bed, put on a dressing-gown, and with bare feet she went to the door. She unlocked it. 'What is it, Mrs. Toft?' she said.

'Maybe not much,' the woman answered cautiously. 'I hope not, Miss, but I had to tell you. The Master is missing!'

'Missing?' Mary exclaimed, the blood leaving her face. 'Impossible! Why, I saw him, I was in his room last evening after nine o'clock!'

'Toft was with him up to eleven,' Mrs. Toft answered. Her face was grave. 'But he's gone now!'

'You mean that he is not in his room!' Mary said. 'But have you looked—' and she named places where her uncle might be—places in the house.

'We've looked there,' Mrs. Toft answered. 'Toft's been everywhere. The Master's not in the house. We're well-nigh sure of that. And the door in the courtyard was open this morning. I am afraid he's gone, Miss!'

'In his state and at night? Why, it's—' The girl broke off and took hold of herself. 'Very well,' she said. 'I shall not be more than five minutes. I will come down.'

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### MISSING.

MARY scrambled into her clothes without pausing to do more than knot up her hair. She tried to steady her nerves and to put from her the thought that it was her visit which had upset her uncle. That thought would only flurry her, and she must be cool. In little more than the five minutes that she had named she was in the hall, and found Mrs. Toft waiting for her. The door into the courtyard stood open, the bleak light and raw air of a January morning poured in, but neither of them heeded this. Their eyes met, and Mary saw that the woman, who was usually so placid, was frightened.

'Where is Toft?' Mary asked.

'He's away this ten minutes,' Mrs. Toft replied. 'He's gone to the Yew Walk, where you found the Master before. But law, Miss, if he's there in this weather!' She lifted up her hands.

Mary controlled herself. 'And Etruria?' she asked.

'She's searching outside the house. If she does not find him she is to run over to Petch the keeper, and bring him.'

'Quite right,' Mary said. 'Did Toft take any brandy?'

'He did, Miss. And the big kettle is on, if there is a bath wanted, and I've put a couple of bricks to heat in the oven.'

'You're sure you've looked everywhere in the house?'

'As sure as can be, Miss! More by token, I've some coffee ready for you in the parlour.'

But Mary said, 'Bring it here, Mrs. Toft.' And snatching up a shawl and folding it about her, she stepped outside. It was a grey, foggy morning, and the flagged court wore a desolate air. In one corner a crowd of dead leaves were circling in the gusts of wind, in another a little pile of snow had drifted, and between the monsters that flanked the Gateway, the old hound, deaf and crippled, stood peering across the park. Mary fancied that the dog descried Toft returning, and she ran across the court. But no one was in sight. The park with its clumps of dead bracken, its naked trees and gnarled blackthorns, stretched away under a thin sprinkling of snow. Shivering she returned to the hall, where Mrs. Toft awaited her with the coffee.

'Now,' Mary said, 'tell me about it, please—from the beginning.'

'Toft had left Mr. Audley about eleven,' Mrs. Toft explained. 'The Master had been a bit put out, and that kept him. But he'd settled down, and when Toft left him he was much as usual. It could not have been before eleven,' Mrs. Toft continued, rubbing her nose, 'for I heard the kitchen clock strike eleven, and I was asleep when Toft came in. The next I remember was finding Toft had got out of bed. "What is it?" says I. He didn't answer, and I roused up and was going to get a light. But he told me not to make a noise, he'd been woke by hearing a door slam, and thought that some one had crossed the court. He was at the window then, looking out, but we heard nothing, and after a while Toft came back to bed.'

'What time was that?'

'I couldn't say, Miss, and I don't suppose Toft could. It was dark and before six, because when I woke again it was on six. But God knows it was a thousand pities we didn't search then, for it's on my mind that it was the poor Master. And if we'd known, Toft would have stopped him.'

'Well?' Mary said gravely. 'And when did you miss him?'

'Most mornings Etruria 'd let me into the house. But this

morning she found the door unlocked; howsoever she thought nothing of it, for Toft has a key as well, and since the Master's illness and him coming and going at all hours, he has not always locked the door; so she made no remark. A bit before eight Toft came down—I didn't see him but I heard him—and at eight he took up the Master's cup of tea. Toft makes it in the pantry and takes it up.

Mrs. Toft paused heavily—not without enjoyment.

'Yes,' Mary said anxiously, 'and then?'

'I suppose it was five minutes after, he came out to me—I was in the kitchen getting our breakfast—and he was shaking all over. I don't know that I ever saw a man more upset. "He's gone!"' he said. "Law, Toft," I said. "What's the matter? Who's gone?" "The Master!" he said. "Fiddlesticks!" says I. "Where should he go?" And with that I went into the house and up to the Master's room. When I saw it was empty you could have knocked me down with a feather! I looked round a bit, and then I went up to Mr. Basset's room that's over, and down again to the library, and so forth. By that time Toft was there, gawpin about. "He's gone!" he kept saying. I don't know as I ever saw Toft truly upset before.'

'And what then?' Mary asked. Twice she had looked through the door, but to no purpose.

"Well," I said, "if he's not here he can't be far! Don't twitter, man, but think! It's my belief he's away sleep-walking or what not, to the place you found him before." On that I gave Toft some brandy and he went off.'

'Shouldn't he be back by now?'

'He should, Miss, if he's not found him,' Mrs. Toft answered. 'But, if he's found him, he couldn't carry him! Toft's not all that strong. And if the Master's lain out long, it's not all the brandy in the world will bring him round!'

Mary shuddered, and moved by a common impulse the two went out and crossed the court. The old hound was still at gaze in the gateway, still staring with purblind eyes down the vistas of the park. 'Maybe he sees more than we see,' Mrs. Toft muttered. 'He'd not stand there, would the old dog, as he's stood twenty minutes, for nothing.'

She was right, for the next moment three figures appeared hurrying across the park towards them. It was impossible to mistake Toft's lanky figure. The others were Etruria, with a shawl about her head, and the keeper Petch.

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Mary scanned them anxiously. 'Have they found him?' she murmured.

'No,' Mrs. Toft said. 'If they'd found him, one would have stopped with him.'

'Of course,' Mary said. And heedless of the searching wind that swung their skirts and carried showers of dead leaves sailing past them, they waited until Toft and the others, talking together, came up. Mary saw that, in spite of the pace at which he had walked, Toft's face was colourless. He was almost livid. His daughter wore an anxious look, while the keeper was pleasantly excited.

As soon as the three were within hearing, 'You've not found him?' Mary cried.

'No, Miss,' Etruria answered.

'Nor any trace?'

'No, Miss. My father has been as far as the iron gate, and found it locked. It was no use going on.'

'He could not have walked farther without help,' Mrs. Toft said. 'If the Master's not between us and the gardens he's not that way.'

'Then where is he?' Mary cried, aghast. She looked from one to the other. 'Where can he be, Toft?'

Toft raised his hands and let them fall. It was clear that he had given up hope.

But his wife was of different mettle. 'That's to be seen,' she said briskly. 'Anyway, you'll be perished here, Miss, and I don't want another invalid on my hands. We'll go in, if you please.'

Mary gave way. They turned to go in, but it was noticeable that as they moved towards the house each, stirred by the same thought, swept the extent of the park with eyes that clung to it, and were loth to leave it. Each hung for a moment, searching this alley or that, fancying a clue in some distant object, or taking a clump of gorse, or a jagged stump for the fallen man. All were harassed by the thought that they might be abandoning him; that in turning their backs on the bald, wintry landscape they might be carrying away with them his last chance.

'Twould take a day to search the park,' the keeper muttered. 'And a dozen men, I'm afeared, to do it thoroughly.'

'Why not take a round yourself?' Mrs. Toft replied. 'And if you find nothing be at the house in an hour, Petch, and we'll know better what's to do. The poor gentleman's off his head,

I doubt, and there's no saying where he'd wander. But he can't be far, and I'm beginning to think he's in the house after all.'

The man agreed willingly, and strode away across the turf. The others entered the hall. Mary was for pausing there, but Mrs. Toft swept them all into the parlour where a good fire was burning. 'You'll excuse me, Miss,' she said, 'but Toft will be the better for this,' and without ceremony she poured out a cup of coffee, jerked into it a little brandy from the decanter on the side-board, and handed it to her husband. 'Drink that,' she said, 'and get your wits together, man! You're no better than a wisp of paper now, and it's only you can help us. Now think! You know him best. Where can he be? Did he say no word last night to give you a clue?'

A little colour came back to Toft's face. He sighed and passed his hand across his forehead. 'If I'd never left him!' he said. 'I never ought to have left him!'

'It's no good going over that!' Mrs. Toft replied impatiently. 'He means, Miss, that up to three nights ago he slept in the Master's room. Then when the Master seemed better Toft came back to his bed.'

'I ought to have stayed with him,' Toft repeated. That seemed the one thought in his mind.

'But where is he?' Mary cried. 'Where? Every moment we stand talking—can't you think where he might go? Are there no hiding-places in the house? No secret passages?'

Mrs. Toft raised her hands. 'Lord's sake!' she exclaimed. 'There's the locked closet in his room where he keeps his papers. I never looked there. It's seldom opened, and—'

She did not finish. With one accord they hurried through the library and up the stairs to the old tapestried room, where Mr. Audley had slept and for the last month had lived. The others had been in it since his disappearance, Mary had not; and she felt a thrill of awe as she passed the threshold. The angular faces, the oblique eyes, of the watchers in the needlework on the wall, that from generation to generation had looked down on marriage and birth and death—what had they seen during the past night? On what had they gazed, she asked herself. Mrs. Toft, less fanciful, or more familiar with the room, had no such thoughts. She crossed the floor to a low door, which was outlined for those who knew of its existence by rough cuts in the arras. It led into a closet, contained in one of the turrets.

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Mrs. Toft tried the door, shook it, knocked on it. Finally she set her eye to the keyhole. 'He's not there,' she said. 'There's no key in the lock. He'd not take out the key, that's certain.'

Mary scanned the disordered room. Books lay in heaps on the deep window-seats, and even on the floor. A table by one of the windows was strewn with papers and letters; on another beside the bed-head stood a tray with night drinks, a pair of candles, an antique hour-glass, a steel pistol. The bedclothes were dragged down, as if the bed had been slept in, and over the rail at the foot, half hidden by the heavy curtains, hung a nightgown. She took this up and found beneath it a pair of slippers and a shoe-horn.

'He was dressed, then?' she exclaimed.

Toft eyed the things. 'Yes, Miss, I've no doubt he was,' he said despondently. 'His overcoat's gone.'

'Then he meant to leave the house?' Mary cried.

'God save us!'

'He's taken his silver flask, too,' Etruria said in a low voice. She was examining the dressing-table. 'And his watch.'

'His watch?'

'Yes, Miss.'

'But that's odd,' Mary said, fixing her eyes on Toft. 'Don't you think that's odd? If my uncle had rambled out in some nightmare or—or wandering, would he have taken his flask and his watch, Toft? Are his spectacles there?'

Toft inspected the table, raised the pillow, felt under the bolster. 'No, Miss,' he said; 'he's taken them!'

'Ah!' Mary replied; 'then I have hope. Wherever he is, he is in his senses. Now, Toft!'—she looked hard at the man—'think again! Surely since he had this in his mind last night he must have let something drop? Some word?'

The man shook his head. 'Not that I heard, Miss,' he said.

Mary sighed. But Mrs. Toft was less patient. She exploded. 'You gaby!' she cried. 'Where's your senses? It's to you we're looking, and a poor stick you are in time of trouble! I couldn't have believed it! Find your tongue, Toft, say something! You knew the Master down to his shoe leather. Let's hear what you do think! He couldn't walk far! He couldn't walk a mile without help. Where is he? Where do you think he is?'

Toft's answer silenced them. If one of the mute, staring figures on the walls—that watched as from the boxes of a theatre the living



actors—had stepped down, it would hardly have affected them more deeply. The man sat down on the bed, covered his face with his hands, and rocking himself to and fro broke into a passion of weeping. 'The poor Master!' he cried between his sobs. 'The poor Master!'

Quickly at that Mary's feelings underwent a change. As if she had stood already beside her uncle's grave, sorrow took the place of perplexity. His past kindness dragged at her heart-strings. She forgot that she had never been able to love him, she forgot that behind the man whom she had known she had been ever conscious of another being, vague, shifting, inhuman. She remembered only the help he had given, the home he had offered, the rare hours of sympathy. 'Don't, Toft, don't!' she cried, tears in her voice. She touched the man on the shoulder. 'Don't give up hope!'

As for Mrs. Toft, surprise silenced her. When she found her voice. 'Well,' she said, looking round her with a sort of pride, 'who'll say after this that Toft's a hard man? Why, if the Master was lying on that bed ready for burial—and we're some way off that, the Lord be thanked!—he couldn't carry on more! But there, let's look now, and weep afterwards! Pull yourself together, Toft, or who's the young lady to depend on? If you take my advice, Miss,' she continued, 'we'll get out of this room. It always did give me the fantods with them Egyptians staring at me from the walls, and to-day it's worse than a hearse! Now downstairs——'

'You are quite right, Mrs. Toft,' Mary said. 'We'll go downstairs.' She shared to the full Mrs. Toft's distaste for the room. 'We're doing no good here, and your husband can follow us when he is himself again. Petch should be back by this time, and we ought to arrange what is to be done outside.'

Toft made no demur, and they went down. They found the keeper waiting in the hall. He had made no discovery, and Mary, to whom Toft's breakdown had given fresh energy, took things into her own hands. She gave Petch his orders. He must get together a dozen men, and search the park and every place within a mile of the Gatehouse. He must report by messenger every two hours to the house, and in the meantime he must send a man on horseback to the town for Dr. Pepper.

'And Mr. Basset?' Mrs. Toft murmured.

'I will write a note to Mr. Basset,' Mary said, 'and the man must send it by post-horses from the Audley Arms. I will write it now.' She sat down in the library, cold as the room was, and

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scrawled three lines, telling Basset that her uncle had disappeared during the night, and that, ill as he was, she feared the worst.

Then, when Petch had gone to get his men together—a task which would take time as there were no farms at hand—she and Mrs. Toft searched the house room by room, while Etruria and her father went again through the outbuildings. But the quest was as fruitless as the former search had been.

Mary had known many unhappy days in Paris, days of anxiety, of loneliness, of apprehension, when she had doubted where she would lodge or what she would eat for her next meal. Now she had a source of strength in her engagement and her love, which should have been inexhaustible. But she never forgot the misery of this day, nor ever looked back on it without a shudder. Probably there were moments when she sat down, when she took a hasty meal, when she sought Mrs. Toft in her warm kitchen or talked with Etruria before her own fire. But as she remembered the day, she spent the long hours gazing across the wintry park; now catching a glimpse of the line of beaters as it appeared for a moment crossing a glade, now watching the approach of the messenger who came to tell her that they had found nothing; or again straining her eyes for the arrival of Dr. Pepper, who, had she known it, was at the deathbed of an old patient, ten miles on the farther side of Riddsley.

Now and again a hailstorm swept across the park, and Mrs. Toft came out and scolded her into shelter; or a farmer, whose men had been borrowed, 'happened that way,' and after a gruff question touched his hat and went off to join the searchers. Once a distant cry seemed to herald a discovery, and she tried to steady her leaping pulses. But nothing came of it except some minutes of anxiety. And once her waiting ear caught the clang of the bell that hung in the hall and she flew through the house to the front door, only to learn that the visitor was the carrier who three times a week called for letters on his way to town. The dreary house with its open doors, its cold draughts, its unusual aspect, the hurried meals, the furtive glances, the hours of suspense and fear—these stamped the day for ever on Mary's memory: as sometimes an hour of loneliness prints itself on the mind of a child who all his life long hears with distaste the clash of wedding bells.

At length the wintry day with its gusts of snow began to draw in. Before four Petch sent in to say that he had beaten the park and also the gardens at the Great House, but had found nothing.

Half his men were now searching the slope on either side of the Riddelsley road. With the other half he was going to explore, while the light lasted, the fringe of the Chase towards Brown Heath.

That left Mary face to face with the night; with the long hours of darkness, which inaction must render infinitely worse than those of the day. She had visions of the wind-swept park, the sullen ponds, the frozen moorland; they spread before her fraught with some brooding terror. She had never much marked, she had seldom felt the loneliness of the house. Now it pressed itself upon her, isolated her, menaced her. It made the thought of the night, that lay before her, almost unbearable.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### A FOOTSTEP IN THE HALL.

MRS. TOFT bringing in candles, and looking grave enough herself, noticed the girl's pale face and chid her gently. 'I don't believe that you've sat down this blessed day, Miss!' she said. 'Nor no more than looked at good food. But tea you shall have and sit down to it, or my name's not Anne Toft! Fretting's no manner of use, and fasting's a poor stick to beat trouble with!'

'But, Mrs. Toft,' Mary said, her face piteous, 'it's the thought that he may be lying out there, helpless and dying, while we sit here——'

'Steady, Miss! Giving way does no good, and too much mind's worse than none. If he's out there he's gone, poor gentleman, long ago! And Dr. Pepper'll say the same. It's not in reason he should be alive if he's in the open. And, God knows, if he's under cover it's little better.'

'But then if he is alive!' Mary cried. 'Think of another night!'

'Ay, I know,' Mrs. Toft said. 'And hard it is! But you've been a model all this blessed day, and it's no time to break down now. Where that dratted doctor is, beats me, though he could do no more than we've done! But there, Mr. Basset will be with us to-morrow, and he'll find the poor gentleman dead or alive! There's some as are more to look at than the Squire, but there's few I'd put before him at a pinch!'

'Where's Toft?' Mary asked.

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'He went to join Petch two hours ago,' Mrs. Toft explained. 'And there again, take Toft. He's a good husband, but there's no one would say he was a man to wear his heart outside. But you saw how hard he took it? I don't know,' Mrs. Toft continued thoughtfully, 'as I've seen Toft shed a tear these twenty years—no, nor twice since we went to church!'

'You don't think,' Mary asked, 'that he knows more than he has told us?'

The question took Mrs. Toft aback. 'Why, Miss,' she said, 'you don't mean as you think he was putting on this morning?'

'No,' Mary answered. 'But is it possible that he knows the worst and does not tell us?'

'And why shouldn't he tell us? It would be strange if he wouldn't tell his own wife? And you that's Mr. Audley's nearest!'

'It's all so strange,' Mary pleaded. 'My uncle is gone! Where has he gone?'

Mrs. Toft did not answer the question. She could not. And there came an interruption. 'That's Petch's voice,' she said. 'They're back!'

The men trooped into the hall. They advanced to the door of the parlour, Petch leading, a man whom Mary did not know next to him, after these a couple of farmers and Toft; in the background a blur of faces vaguely seen.

'We've found something, Miss,' Petch said. 'At least Tom has. But I'm not sure it lightens things much. He was going home by the Yew Tree Walk and pretty close to the iron gate, when what should he see lying in the middle of the walk but this!'

Petch held out a silver flask.

'It's the Master's, sure enough,' Mrs. Toft said.

'Ay,' Petch answered. 'But the odd thing is, I searched that place before noon, a'most inch by inch, looking for footprints, and I went over it again when we were beating the Yew Tree Walk this afternoon, and I'm danged if that flask was there then!'

'I don't think as you could ha' missed it, Mr. Petch,' the finder said, 'it was that bright and plain!'

'But isn't the grass long there?' Mary asked. She had already as much mystery as she could bear and wanted no addition to it.

'Not that long,' said Tom.

'No, not that long, the lad's right,' Petch added. 'I warrant I must have seen it.'

'That you must, Mr. Petch,' a lad in the background said. 'I was next man, and I wondered when you'd ha' done that bit.'

'But I don't understand,' Mary answered. 'If it was not there this morning——'

'I don't understand neither, lady,' the keeper rejoined. 'But it is on my mind that there's foul play!'

'Oh, but,' Mary protested, 'who—why should any one hurt my uncle?'

'I can't say as to that,' Petch replied, darkly. 'I don't know anybody as would. But there's the flask, and flasks don't travel without hands. If he took it out of the house with him——'

'May he not have dropped it—this afternoon?' Mary suggested. 'Suppose he wandered that way after you passed?'

The keeper shook his head. 'If he had passed that way this afternoon it isn't one but six pairs of eyes would ha' seen him!'

There was a murmur of assent. The searchers were keenly enjoying the drama, taking in every change that appeared on the girl's face. They were men into whose lives not much of drama entered.

'But I cannot think that what you say is likely!' Mary protested. She had held her own stoutly through the day, but now with the eyes of all these men upon her she grew bewildered. The rows of faces, the bashful hands twisting caps, the blurred white of smocked frocks grew and multiplied and became misty. She had to grasp the table to steady herself.

Mrs. Toft saw how it was, and came to the rescue. 'What's Toft say about it?' she asked.

'Ay, to be sure, missus,' Petch agreed. 'I dunno as he's said anything yet.'

'I don't think the Master could have passed and not been seen,' Toft replied. His tone was low, and in the middle of his speech he shivered. 'But I'm not saying that the flask wasn't there this morning. It's a small thing.'

'It couldn't have been overlooked, Mr. Toft,' the keeper replied firmly. 'I speak as I know!'

Again Mrs. Toft intervened. 'I'm sure nobody would ha' laid a hand on the Master!' she said. 'Nobody in these parts and

nobody foreign, as I can fancy. I've no doubt at all the poor gentleman awoke with some maggot in his brain and wandered off, not knowing. The question is, what can we do? The young lady's had a sad day, and it's time she was left to herself.'

'There's nothing we can do now,' Petch said flatly. 'It stands to reason if we've found nothing in the daylight we'll find nothing in the dark. We'll be back at eight in the morning. Whether we'd ought to let his lordship know——'

'Sho!' said Mrs. Toft with scorn. 'What's he in it, I'd like to know? But there, you've said what you come to say and its time we left the young lady to herself.'

Mary raised her head. 'One moment,' she said. 'I want to thank you all for what you've done. And for what Petch says about the flask, he's right to speak out, but I can't think any one would touch my uncle. Only—can we do nothing? Nothing more? Nothing at all? If we don't find him to-night—' She broke off, overcome by her feelings.

'I'm afraid not, Miss,' Petch said gently. 'We'd all be willing, but we don't know where to look. I own I'm fair beat. Still Tom and I'll stay an hour or two with Toft in case of anything happening. Good night, Miss. You're very welcome, I'm sure.'

The others murmured their sympathy as they trooped out into the darkness. Mrs. Toft bustled away for the tea, and Mary was left alone.

Suspense lay heavy on her. She felt that she ought to be doing something and she did not know what to do. Dr. Pepper did not come, the Tofts were but servants. They could not take the onus, they could not share her burden; and Toft was a broken reed. Meanwhile time pressed. Hours, nay, minutes might make all the difference between life and death!

*(To be continued.)*

## SOME MEMORIES OF SNIPING AND OBSERVATION.

BY MAJOR H. HESKETH-PRICHARD, D.S.O., M.C.

### I. SNIPING.

In the beginning, the Germans had an excellent sniping organisation—so much so that in early 1915 one of our battalions in trench warfare lost eighteen casualties to enemy snipers in a single day. On the same front—that is, on the front of the same army, in early 1917, sixteen of our battalions had nine casualties from sniping, in three months. This was the life-saving side of sniping. On the aggressive side the swing of the pendulum was equally decisive. Whereas it was we, who, in 1915, were forced to put up notices 'Take Care,' 'Dangerous,' 'German Sniper,' later there was not such a notice along our whole front; while, on the other hand, many a prisoner and deserter volunteered statements as to the havoc caused by our snipers in the enemy ranks. Thus a German divisional general was shot, and again and again deserters volunteered the information that in their company—perhaps only 120 strong—ten had fallen to our snipers in a single tour of duty. When the pendulum did swing, truly it swung full limit.

But these changes did not come of themselves, and there are few sides of the War which can hold more of interest than lies in the details of the struggle that took place for the mastery.

But to return to the beginning of things.

It was not the British, but the Germans, who began sniping. In fact, at the beginning of the War, the general consensus of our military opinion was against sniping as apt to provoke reprisals; but on this subject, as on so many others, the Hun had other views: for it has ever been a Hun military maxim to send a bullet to the brain that thinks, and in 1914 and 1915 the British forces were beset with a plague of German snipers who, with food and ammunition, lay up in trenches, in cemeteries, and in haystacks, finding easy marks.

At this time the skill of the German sniper became a byword, and in the early days of trench warfare brave German riflemen used to lie out between the lines, sending their bullets through

the head of an officer or man who dared to look over the parapet. These Germans, who were often forest-guards and sometimes battle-police, did their business with a skill and a gallantry which must be very freely acknowledged. From the ruined house, or the field of decaying roots, sometimes resting their rifles on the bodies of the dead, they sent forth a plague of head-wounds into the British lines. Their marks were small, but when they hit they usually killed their man ; and the hardest soldier turned sick when he saw the effect of the pointed German bullet ; for at close range the bullet was apt to keyhole, and the little hole in the forehead where it entered often became a huge tear the size of a fist at the other side of the stricken man's head.

That occasional snipers on the Hun side did reverse their bullets, thus making them into dum-dums, is incontrovertible ; but it must also be remembered that the pointed German bullet takes some little time to settle down into its course, and this is why it is liable to keyhole when it strikes a bone within the first 200 yards or so of its flight.

That the German was ready for a sniping campaign is clear enough, for in the end of 1914 there were already 20,000 telescopic-sights in the German Army, *and the snipers had been trained to use them.* On our side the shooting of the original B.E.F. was in point of rapidity and fire-control far superior to any in the world ; but even had our Army been organised for sniping, these telescopic-sights must have turned the scale ; as a man who can hit a head in the half-lights as well with the open sights as with the telescopic does not live.

To make any accurate estimate of how many victims the Hun snipers claimed at this period is naturally impossible ; but the blow they struck for their side was a heavy one, and many of the finest of our soldiers met their deaths at their hands.

So the plague grew until the British were forced to adopt those counter-measures which were finally certain to come.

In the struggle which followed, there was perhaps something more human and more personal than in the work of the gunner or the infantryman. British sniper or Colonial sniper was pitted against the Bavarian or the Prussian, and all along the front duels were fought between men who usually saw no more of their antagonist than a cap-badge, or a forehead, but who became personalities to each other with names and individualities. But of this, which may be termed pure trench warfare and No-Man's Land sniping,

a new side of sniping was developed. Our men worked in pairs: No. 1 used the telescope and found the 'targets,' while No. 2 used the rifle and did the shooting. The result was that there grew up a complete system of front-line observation, and the battalion intelligence reports were largely based on the log-books of the snipers' observers. With this, the observation or intelligence side of sniping, we will deal at greater length next month.

Only the man who actually was a sniper in the trenches in 1915 can know how hard the German was to overcome. At the end of 1914 there were, as I have said, 20,000 telescope-sights in the German Army, and the Duke of Ratibor did good work for the Fatherland when he collected all the sporting-rifles in Germany (there were thousands of them) and sent them also to the Western Front, which was already well equipped with the regular military issue. Armed with these, the German snipers were able to make wonderfully fine shooting. Against them we, lacking as we did telescopic-sights almost *in toto*, had to pit only the blunt open sights of the Service rifle, except here and there where the deer-stalkers of Scotland—who possessed such weapons—lent their Mannlichers and Mausers. But for these there was no great supply of ammunition; and after this ran out (I can call to mind ninety cartridges for one rifle and the sixty for another of two of my own), these rifles had to be returned to their cases, owing to sheer lack of ammunition. In the middle of 1915, an issue of telescopic-sights began to be 'available,' and were slowly served out in the ratio of four per battalion. At this time many officers and men in the B.E.F. seemed to consider that a sniper was a private soldier, who carried as his badge of office one of these telescopic-sighted rifles. Very often the 'sniper' in question knew little of his rifle and less of his work. It was not until instruction and training was raised to a fine art that we began to forge ahead in the grim battle.

On one occasion an officer had gone down on duty to a certain stretch of trench, and there found a puzzled-looking private with a beautiful new rifle fitted with an Evans telescopic-sight.

'You've got a nice sight,' said the officer.

'Yessir!'

The officer examined the elevating-drum.

'Look here,' said he, 'you've got the sight set for a hundred yards! The Hun trenches are 400 yards away!'

The private looked puzzled.



'Look here,' said the officer again, 'have you ever shot with that rifle?'

'No, sir!'

'Do you understand it?'

'No, sir!'

'How did you get it?'

'It was issued to me as trench stores, sir!'

'Who by?'

'The Q.M.S., sir!'

Certainly many a German owed his life in those early days to the fact that so many of the telescopic-sighted rifles in the B.E.F. were incorrectly sighted to the hold of the man using them. On the German side, the telescopic-sighted Mausers were not, as in the British Army, issued to a private direct, but to an N.C.O., who was held responsible for the correct sighting and proper care of the rifle, which was, however, actually used by a private. Continued questioning of prisoners and deserters gave us a good deal of information concerning the German sniping organisation, which was quite different from ours; but the time has not come to go into details on this subject. One point cropped up, in examination of prisoners, over and over again, and this was the ease with which the German snipers were able to distinguish our officers, 'because,' as one said naively, 'their legs are thinner than the legs of the men.' There are hundreds and hundreds of our officers lying dead in France and Flanders whose death was solely due to the cut of their riding-breeches. It is of no use to wear a Tommy's tunic and webbing-belt if the tell-tale riding-trousers are not also replaced by more commonplace garments.

At one time in the German Army there was a system of roving snipers—that is, a sniper was given a certain stretch of trench to patrol, usually about half a mile, and it was the duty of the sentries along his beat to find and point out 'targets' for him. Opposite a good sniping-section, a German sniper, unless a man of extraordinary skill, rarely—I think—can have obtained good results in this fashion, at least not after our sniping was organised.

On the British side certain snipers and units kept a very careful record of their successes; but, interesting as such statistics were, their accuracy can only have been very partial.

A conversation with a pair of British snipers new to their work has been known to run as follows:

'Morning, you two!'

'Good morning, sir!'

'Anything doing?'

'Smyth got a 'Un this morning, sir!'

'Good! How do you know?'

'E giv' a cry, threw up his hands and fell back!'

Now, this may have been correct; but, as a matter of fact, a man shot in ordinary trench warfare very, very rarely either throws up his hands or falls back. He nearly always falls forward, and slips down. For this the old Greek rendering is the best, 'And his knees were loosened.' We soon found that a very skilled man with the telescope could tell pretty accurately whether a man fired at had been hit or had merely ducked; and this was the case even when only the head of the 'target' was visible. But to be certain of his accuracy it was almost necessary that the observer should have had a long experience of his work, coupled with a real aptitude for it. The idea of how to spot whether a German was hit or not was suggested by big-game shooting experiences. An animal that is fired at and missed stands tense for a moment before it bounds away; but when an animal is struck by a bullet, there is no pause—it bounds away at once on the impact. Thus, a stag shot through the heart commences its death-rush at once, to fall dead within fifty yards; whereas a stag missed gives that tell-tale start. In dealing with trench-warfare sniping, a very skilled observer soon learned to distinguish a hit or a miss; but there were many observers who never reached the necessary degree of skill.

A reason once advanced for claiming a hit was that the Germans had been shouting for stretcher-bearers; but a question as to what was the German word for stretcher-bearer brought confusion upon the young sniper, whose talents were promptly used elsewhere.

But, taken long by broad, the accuracy of the information given by snipers was really wonderful. On one occasion the snipers of a certain division reported that two Germans had been seen with the number '79' upon the covers of their helmets. This information went from battalion, through brigade, division, and corps, to Army, who rather pooh-pooed the snipers' accuracy, as the 79th had last been heard of on the Russian front. Within a day or two, however, the Germans opposite the battalion to which these snipers belonged sent a patrol out of their trenches one misty morning. The patrol fell in with our scouts, who killed two and carried back the regulation identifications. These proved the snipers to be correct.

It was in the same division that in one tour of duty snipers

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reported the cap-bands of the Germans opposite as (1) brown, (2) yellow, (3) white. This again raised doubts as to their accuracy; but it was not long before a prisoner was taken who acknowledged that the men of his unit had covered their state badges with strips of tape wound round their caps. Prior to putting on the tape, he said, some of his comrades had dipped it in their coffee. It is only fair to say that the sniping-officer of the division in question, Lieut. Gray, M.C.,<sup>1</sup> 5th Scottish Rifles, the King's Prizewinner, had no superior in France at his work, and the exceeding skill of the officers and men under him may fairly be laid at his door.

There was always in the trenches a very simple way of testing the accuracy of a sniper's observation. The various German states, duchies, or kingdoms, all wear two badges on their caps—one above the other: the higher being the Imperial badge, the lower the badge of the state. Thus, the Prussian badge is black and white, the Bavarian light blue and white, the Saxon green and white. These badges, or to be more correct, cockades, are not larger than a shilling; and a series of experiments carried out at our School by the staff, and some of the best Scottish ghillies, proved that the colours were indistinguishable with the Ross telescope at distances over 150 yards. So if ever a sniper (who of course knew what troops he was faced by) reported the colours of cockades when more than 150 yards from the enemy it was at once clear that his imagination was too strong to admit of his useful employment with an observer's telescope.

Another great duty of snipers, especially in local attacks and small bombardments, was blinding the enemy. Thus, if the Germans bombarded any portion of our front their artillery observers almost always did their work from a flank, where from some point of vantage they spotted and corrected the shell-bursts of their gunners. On such occasions our snipers, opposite both flanks of the bombarded area, shot the German observers and broke their periscopes, and often succeeded in rendering them blind. When the Germans retaliated and shot our periscopes, we had a large number of dummies made, and the enemy suffered casualties in exposing himself when trying to break these. In fact, it is not too much to say that in certain ways we became able, fairly early in the proceedings, to place the position of any sniper who troubled us; and, once his post was placed, there were many methods by which the man in it could be rendered harmless.

One great advantage which the Germans enjoyed was bestowed

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Major Gray.

on them by the outline of their entrenchments. The German trenches had no definite and flat parapet like ours, but, instead, a parapet of uneven form. Mounds of earth, pieces of corrugated iron, tins, sandbags, wire, and even looted mattresses, thrown here and there, all helped to give an irregularity of outline, which was of the greatest value to the German sniper. Over their jagged *graben*-edge a man might put his head and never be observed, whereas many of our units took—in the early days of the War—an actual pride in having an absolutely flat, even parapet, which gave the Germans every opportunity of spotting the smallest movement. It is not too much to say that along many of our parapets a mouse could not move without being at once observed by the most moderate observer.

It was curious, too, how some few C.O.'s stuck to these flat parapets even in the face of casualties and the dictates of common sense. A trial which we instituted at XI Corps and First Army Sniping Schools proved that in spotting and shooting at a dummy head, exposed for four seconds over a flat parapet, the number of hits was 200 per cent. higher than when the same exposure was made over an imitation German parapet. But flat parapets only disappeared under stringent orders from the High Command.

The psychology of the different races as snipers was always interesting. The English were sound, but very apt to take foolish and useless risks, showing their heads unnecessarily and out of a kind of unthinking optimism; the Welsh, very good indeed; while the Canadians, Anzacs, and the Scottish regiments were splendid, many units showing an aggressiveness which had great effect on the *morale* of the enemy. The Americans were also fine shots, and thoroughly enjoyed their work. We had many of them at the School, sometimes taking classes of Americans for sniping and intelligence, &c. Of the Germans, as a whole, one would say, with certain brilliant exceptions, that they were sound, but unenterprising and uninspired; and that as far as the various tribes were concerned the Bavarians were better than the Prussians; while in some units the Saxons were by no means to be taken lightly. As a rule, however, the Jaeger battalions were all good. But they were, all of them, at their best when they were winning. Once we organised, never was a victory more complete than was that of the British over the German sniper.

One point that was noticeable was the good focussing powers of the German snipers, who shot very well before dawn and dark. In

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the very crack Jaeger Regiments—such regiments as were recruited from the Rominten or Hubertusstock districts, where the great preserves of the Kaiser lie, and in which were a large percentage of Forest Guards—this was very noticeable. But for long-distance work and the higher art of observation, the Germans had nothing to touch the Lovat's Scouts. This is natural enough when one comes to consider the dark forests in which the German Forest Guards live, and in which they keep on the alert for the slightest movement of deer or boar. Compare these sombre shades to the open Scottish hills. It was the telescope against the field-glass, and the telescope won every time. The telescopic-sights of course made accurate shooting in the half-lights very much easier; and indeed for some valuable minutes after it had become too dark to use open sights, the telescopic-sights still gave a clear definition, and at night were invaluable. On both sides, thousands of lives were saved by the wind, since it was not easy to judge its strength in the trenches; and, as the targets aimed at were usually only half a head, the very smallest error of judgment resulted in a miss. And once a bullet has whizzed by one's ear, within a few inches, a second exposure of the head was rarely made in the same place. Trench sniping was, in fact, defined—by Colonel Langford Lloyd—as 'the art of hitting a very small object straight off, without the advantage of a sighting-shot.'

But the duty of the sniper changed as the War went on. At first his job was to dominate the German snipers, destroy their *morale*, and make life secure to his own comrades. At the same time there was his intelligence work, with which I shall deal next month. Later, as the warfare became more open, he proved his value over and over again in attack. When a trench was taken, it was his duty to get out in front, and—lying in a shell-hole—to keep the enemy heads down while his companions consolidated the newly-won position. When an advance was held up by a machine-gun, it was the sniper's business to put it out of action, if he could; and the list of V.C.'s and D.C.M.'s, as well as a thousand deeds of nameless men, prove how often he was successful. In the last advance of the Canadian Corps, their very skilled sniping officer, Major Armstrong, tells me that a single sniper put out of action a battery of 5·9 guns, shooting down one after another the German officer and men—a great piece of work, and one thoroughly worthy of General Currie's splendid corps.

But the machine-gun was the sniper's special target. Once,  
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of course, a machine-gun was spotted or moved in the open, a single sniper was quite capable of putting it out of action. In fact, the sniper's duties were legion. He had to be a really high-class shot, a good and accurate observer, a good judge of distance, wind, and light. At the Schools, he was taught crawling, stalking, the art of cover, the reading and making of maps, the use of the rangefinder, the compass, marching on bearings, very rough sketching, the making of posts and strong-points. But this is not the place to descant upon his training. Suffice it that in the more open warfare many a sniper killed his fifty Germans in a day, and that whether as rifleman or scout he bore a part more perilous than the rank and file of his comrades. If you who read this know a man who served his year or two in the sniping-section of his battalion, you know one whom it is well that you should honour.

At a certain point in our lines, not very far from Auchonvilliers, a German sniper had done fell work. It is hard to say how many British lives he had taken, but the tally was not small. He lurked somewhere in the maze of heaps of earth, rusty wire, and sandbags, which there formed the German line. There were twenty or thirty loopholes from which he might be firing; the problem was from which of all these did his shots come. On our side there was no loophole at all covering the area in which he lurked, and any attempt to spot his post had, perforce, to be done over the top of the parapet. At length, however, the Hun was located in the vicinity of two enormous steel plates, set near the top of his parapet.

As I have said, there was no loophole upon our side; so orders were given that one should be put in during the night right opposite these two big plates. The next morning it was hardly light when the German sniper shot into our new loophole, which was at once closed. The trap was now ready, and the officer, whose duty it was to deal with the matter, went a hundred yards down the trench to the right flank, while an assistant opened the loophole and protruded the end of a black stick which he happened to have in his hand. At the same moment the officer to the flank shot at the right hand of the two big plates, once, and then again. The German at the second shot betrayed himself. Thinking, as he did, that the shots were fired from the loophole opposite him, he fired at it, and the gas from his rifle gave away his position. The two big plates were dummies, and he was firing almost from ground-level, and from an emplacement cleverly concealed by a pent-house of broken wire. His cap had fallen off; he had a bald head.

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Once found, and unaware of the fact, a sniper is soon dealt with. One could relate very many such instances, but they are rather grisly. Sooner or later, nearly every troublesome German sniper met his fate. After a spell of duty with a brigade of the 37th Division, I received a wire from the Brigadier: 'Only one Hun sniper left opposite us. Can you lend us your elephant-gun?'

When the German snipers fired from behind bullet-proof steel plates, we knocked these to pieces with privately-owned elephant-guns. Later, such guns became a Government issue. They were very successful, and obviously upset the enemy.

Another position that was much used by the German snipers is supposed to have been trees. This was the theme of many pictures in the illustrated papers; but, as a matter of fact, a high tree makes a very poor sniping-post. The pollard willows are much better, and were extensively used. The German sense of humour is much tickled by seeing, or thinking he sees, a Britisher fall dead out of a tree; and when our sniping became very good and the enemy grew shy of giving a target, a dummy in a tree, worked by a rope, often caused Fritz and Hans to show themselves unwisely. When the sniping was of high class on both sides, all kinds of ruses were employed to get the other side to give a target by various battalions. Some day, I may describe more fully these ruses; but one had to be very careful lest a *Minenwerfer* should take its part in the duel.

It would be interesting to know how many races were represented among the snipers and observers—English, Scottish, Irish, Welsh, Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, Americans, Italians, Spanish, Dutch, Portuguese. On one occasion, I had to sign a movement order for a man of Red Indian blood. The name I wrote on the order was Private North-West. He had come from those great silences to fight, and bore their name. He killed over fifty Germans. Another Red Indian private who was most successful, wore gold-rimmed glasses. There were no better snipers than these men; for, after all, sniping is only the translation of the true hunter spirit into warfare.



## BESSY MOORE.

BY MAURICE HEWLETT.

'My best wishes and respects to Mrs. Moore; she is beautiful. I may say so even to you, for I was never more struck with a countenance.' That is Byron, writing to Tom Moore in 1812, when he has been married little more than a year—and Byron's opinion of woman's beauty is worth having. In the eight volumes of Tom's memoirs, worthily collected by his friend Lord John Russell, and in all the crowded stage of it, I see no figure shining in so sweet and clear a morning light as that of his little home-keeping wife, with her 'wild poetic face,' her fancy, which rings always truer than Tom's own, and her mother-love, which sorrow has to sound so deeply before she can leave the scene. Her appearances are fitful; she keeps to the hearth when the grandees hold the floor. You see nothing of her at Holland House, which Tom may use as his inn, or at Bowood, if she can help herself, which indeed is his house of call. She is the Jenny Wren of this little cock-robin; she wears drab, too often mourning; but you find that she counts for very much with Tom. He loves to know her at his back, loves to remind himself of it. He is always happy to be home again in her faithful arms. Through all the sparkle and flash, under all the talk, through all the tinklings of pianos and guitars which declare Tom's whereabouts, if you listen you can hear the quiet burden of her heart-beats. I don't know what he would have done without her, nor what we should have to say to his literary remains if she were not in them to make them smell of lavender. Few men of letters, and no wits, can have left more behind, with less in them.

There is a great deal less of Bessy in the memoirs than, say, of Lady Donegal, or of Rogers, or of Lord Lansdowne, but somehow or another she makes herself felt; and though her appearances in them are of Tom's contrivance, a personality is more surely expressed than in most of his more elaborate portraits. One gets to know her as indeed the 'excellent and beautiful person' of Lord John's measured approval, not so much by what she says or does as by her reactions on Tom himself. A study of her has to be made out of a number of pencil-scratches—one here, one

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there—put down by the diarist with unpremeditated art; for it is certain that, though Moore intended his diaries to speak for him after his death, what he had to say of his wife was the last thing in them he would have relied upon to do it. I am sure that is so: nevertheless, with the exception of Tom himself, who of course holds the centre of the stage, she is more surely and sensibly there than any of his thousand characters, from the Prince Regent to the poet Bowles; more surely and fragrantly there. We are the better for her presence; and so is her Tom's memory, infinitely the better.

It was a secret marriage and, except in the minds of a few good judges, an improvident.

'I breakfast with Lady Donegal on Monday,' he writes to his mother in May 1811, 'and dine to meet her at Rogers's on Tuesday; and there is to be a person at both parties whom you little dream of.'

This person was Bessy, to whom he had been married some two months on the day of writing, and of whom, when his family was notified, he found that it had nothing good to say. He complains of disappointment, of 'a degree of coldness' in his father's comments; and neither is perhaps very wonderful. For Miss Bessy not only had nothing a year, but in the reckoning of the day, and in comparison with the young friend of Lord Moira and Lady Donegal, she herself was nothing. She was indeed a professional actress—Miss E. Dyke in the play-bills—whom Tom had first met in 1808 when the Kilkenny Theatre began a meteor-course. He had lent himself as an amateur to the enterprise, was David in 'The Rivals,' Spado (with song) in 'A Castle of Andalusia.' In 1809, for three weeks on end, he had been Peeping Tom of Coventry to the Lady Godiva of Miss E. Dyke. The rest is easy guessing, and so it is that Tom's parents were dismayed, and that there was 'a degree of coldness.' Lady Godiva, indeed!

But Bessy was not long in showing herself as good as gold, or approving herself to some of Tom's best friends. Lady Donegal and her sharp-tongued sister, Mary Godfrey, both took to her. 'Give our love, honest, downright love to Bessy,' they write. Rogers called her Psyche, had the pair to stay with him, stayed with them in his turn, and gave Bessy handsome sums for the charities in which she abounded all her life. Rogers knew simplicity when he saw it, and had no vitriol to hand when she was in the way. I don't think that Tom ever took her to Ireland with him,

or that, consequently, she ever met his parents in the flesh ; but no doubt that they accepted her, and esteemed her.

Bit by bit she reveals herself in Tom's random diaries. As in the printing of a photograph the lights and darks come sparsely out, and unawares the delicate outline, so by a word here, a phrase elsewhere, we realise the presence of a sweet-natured, sound-minded girl, and more than that, of a girl with character. After a spell of Brompton lodgings Tom took her to Kegworth in Leicestershire, where he was to have the neighbourhood and countenance of his patron of the moment, Moira, the Regent's jackal, a solemn, empty-headed lord. Donington Hall and Bessy appear together in a letter to Mary Godfrey.

' . . . I took Bessy yesterday to Lord Moira's, and she was not half so much struck with its grandeur as I expected. She said, in coming out, " I like Mr. Rogers's house ten times better." '

Tom feels it necessary to explain such remarkable taste. ' She loves everything by association, and she was very happy in Rogers's house.' I don't know whether Tom's simplicity, or Bessy's, is the more remarkable in all this. Tom's, I think.

' Lady Loudoun and Lord Moira called upon us on their way to town, and brought pine apples, &c.' One sees them at it ; and the very next letter he writes is dated ' Donington Park.' Tom fairly lets himself go over it.

' . . . I think it would have pleased you to see *my wife* in one of Lord Moira's carriages, with his servant riding after her, and Lady Loudoun's crimson travelling-cloak round her to keep her comfortable. It is a glorious triumph of good conduct on both sides, and makes my heart happier and prouder than all the best worldly connection could possibly have done. The dear girl and I sometimes look at each other with astonishment in our splendid room here, and she says she is quite sure it must be all a dream.'

Marble halls, in fact ; but let us see how it acted upon Bessy. Shortly after : ' . . . I am just returned from a most delightful little tour with Rogers, poor Bessy being too ill and too fatigued with the ceremonies of the week to accompany us.' That was to be the way of it for the rest of their lives together. She would never go to the great houses if she could by any means avoid it, but bore him no grudge for going without her, and was always open-armed for his return.

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Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne, was their next harbourage; and here is a Wheatley picture of them on their way to a dinner-party.

'We dined out to-day at the Ackroyds', neighbours of ours . . . we found, in the middle of our walk, that we were near half-an-hour too early, so we set to practising country-dances in the middle of a retired green lane till the time was expired.'

Then he takes her to the Ashbourne ball, and for once leaves himself out of the letter.

' . . . You cannot imagine what a sensation Bessy excited at the Ball the other night. She was prettily dressed, and certainly looked very beautiful. . . . She was very much frightened, but she got through it very well. She wore a turban that night to please me, and she looks better in it than anything else; for it strikes everybody almost that sees her, how like the form and expression of her face are to Catalani's, and a turban is the thing for that kind of character.'

Catalani, in Caverford's portrait, has the rapt eye of the Cumaean sibyl. One of Moore's fine friends, an admirer of Bessy's, speaks to him of her 'wild poetic 'ace,' and the Duchess of Sussex thought her like 'Lady Heathcote in the days of her beauty.' That is putting her very high, for, according to Cosway, Lady Heathcote was a lovely young woman indeed; but the 'wild poetic face' gets us as near to her as need be.

In 1815 troubles began from which the poor girl was never to be free again. She lost one of her three little girls, Olivia Byron, for whom the poet had been sponsor. ' . . . It was with difficulty I could get her away from her little dead baby,' Moore tells his mother, 'and then only under a promise that she should see it again last night. . . .' In 1817, while Moore was in Paris, pursuing his pleasures, another child, Barbara, had a fall, and he came home in August to find her 'very ill indeed.' On September 10. h she is still ill, but if she should get a little better, 'I mean to go for a day or two to Lord Lansdowne's to look at a house. . . . He has been searching his neighbourhood for a habitation for me, in a way very flattering indeed from such a man.' But he did not go. September 20th, 'It's all over, my dearest Mother.'

'Poor Bessy,' we read, 'neither eats nor sleeps enough hardly to sustain life': nevertheless in the first week of October he is at Bowood. 'I arrived here the day before yesterday, and found

Rogers, Lord and Lady Kerry, &c.' He saw Sloperton Cottage and stayed out his week. Bessy then had to see the cottage, and went—but not from Bowood. 'Bessy, who went off the night before last to look at the cottage near Lord Lansdowne's, is returned this morning, after travelling both nights. Power went with her.' In a month's time they were in possession, and Tom vastly set up by the near neighbourhood of his exalted friend. Not so, however, his Jenny Wren.

'... We are getting on here as quietly and comfortably as possible, and the only thing I regret is the want of some near and plain neighbours for Bessy to make an intimacy with, and enjoy a little tea-drinking now and then, as she used to do in Derbyshire. She contrives, however, to employ herself very well without them; and her favourite task of cutting out things for the poor people is here even in greater requisition than we bargained for, as there never was such wretchedness in any place where we have been; and the better class of people (with but one or two exceptions) seem to consider their contributions to the poor-rates as abundantly sufficient, without making any further exertion towards the relief of the poor wretches. It is a pity Bessy has not more means, for she takes the true method of charity—that of going herself into the cottages, and seeing what they are most in want of.

'Lady Lansdowne has been very kind indeed, and has a good deal won me over (as you know, kindness *will* do now and then). After many exertions to get Bessy to go and dine there, I have at last succeeded this week, in consequence of our being on a visit at Bowles's, and her having the shelter of the poet's old lady to protect her through the enterprise. She did not, however, at all like it, and I shall not often put her to the torture of it. In addition to her democratic pride—which *I* cannot blame her for—which makes her prefer the company of her equals to that of her superiors, she finds herself a perfect stranger in the midst of people who are all intimate; and this is a sort of dignified desolation which poor Bessy is not at all ambitious of. Vanity gets over all these difficulties; but pride is not so practicable.'

Vanity indeed did, though Tom had a pride of his own too. But he was soothed and not offended by pomp, whereas she was bored as well as irritated. It is obvious that her wits were valid enough. She could be happy with Rogers or the Bowles, who could allow for simplicity, and delight in it—a talent denied to the good Lansdownes. As for Bowles, Tom is shrewd enough to remark upon the 'mixture of talent and simplicity in him.'

'His parsonage-house at Brenthill is beautifully situated ; but he has a good deal frittered away its beauty in grottos, hermitages and Shenstonian inscriptions. When company is coming he cries, "Here, John, run with the crucifix and missal to the hermitage, and set the fountain going." His sheep-bells are tuned in thirds and fifths.'

Such was Bowles, Bessy's best friend in Wilts.

Bowood to Tom was centre of his scheme of things ; he was always there on some pretext or another ; or he would dine and sleep at Bowles's, or at Lacock Abbey, or spend days in Bath, or a week in London. It is true that half his talent and more than half his fame were social : these things were the bread as well as the butter of life to him. But here is Bessy meantime :

'... Came home and found my dearest Bessy very tired after her walk from church. She had been receiving the Sacrament, and never did a purer heart . . . In the note she wrote me to Bowles's the day before, she said, "I am sorry I am not to see you before I go to church."'

Tom had sensibility, not a doubt of it ; but it seems to me that she had something better.

Here again, on the 16th October, 'My dear Bessy planting some roots Miss Hughes has brought her, looking for a place to put a root of pink hepatica in, where (as she said) "I might best see them in my walk."' Yes, he has sensibility ; but she had imagination. A little Tom was born a week after that. She took it badly, as she did most of her labours, and was in bed a month. On the 18th November she went out for the first time after the event—'the day delightful.' She 'went round to all her flower-beds to examine their state, for she has every little leaf in the garden by heart.' Tom himself had been much moved by the birth of his first boy. He was called up at 11.30, sent for the midwife, was upset, walked about half the night, thanked God—'the maid, by the way, very near catching me on my knees.' She might have caught Bessy on them every day, and no thought taken of so simple a thing. But Tom had sensibility.

But a man who, eight years after marriage, can make his wife an April fool, and record it, is no bad husband, and it would be a trespass on his good fame to suggest it. He loved her dearly and could never have been unkind to her. Far from that, domestic pictures abound in his diaries. Here is one, of a time when she

had joined him in London, on her way to stay with her sister in Edinburgh. They went together to Hornsey, to see Barbara's grave. 'At eight o'clock she and I sauntered up and down the Burlington Arcade, then went and bought some prawns and supped most snugly together.' He takes the state-rooms for her, costing £7 apiece; he sees her off from the wharf, and in due course hears from her, 'his own pretty girl.' Meantime he is preparing to shelter in France from civil process served upon him for the defalcations of his deputy in Bermuda.

I need not follow the scenes through as they come. The essence of Bessy Moore is expressed in what I have written of the first flush of her married life. There was much more to come. Moore outlived all his children, and she, poor soul, outlived her rattling, melodious Tom, having known more sorrow than falls, luckily, to the lot of most mothers. The death of her last girl, Anastasia, is beautifully told by Tom; but a worse stroke than even that was the wild career of little Tom, the son, his illness, disgrace, and death in the French Foreign Legion. That indeed went near to breaking Bessy's heart. 'Why do people sigh for children? They know not what sorrow will come with them.' That is her own, and only recorded, outcry.

In 'The Love of the Angels,' an erotic and perfervid poem, which fails, nevertheless, from want of concentration of the thought, Zaraph, the third angel, is Tom himself, and the daughter of man, Nama, with whom he consorts, is Bessy.

'Humility, that low, sweet root,  
From which all heavenly virtues shoot,  
Was in the hearts of both—but most  
In Nama's heart, by whom alone  
Those charms, for which a heaven was lost,  
Seemed all unvalued and unknown . . .'

Certainly she had humility; but he gives her other Christian virtues—

'So true she felt it that to *hope*,  
To *trust* is happier than to know.'

But we may doubt if Tom knew what Bessy knew and excused. Sensibility will not dig very deep.

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## THE LAND OF MORNING CALM.

### A JAPANESE EXPERIMENT IN COLONISATION.

BY THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP FRODSHAM.

THE name Korea has been erased from the map of the world, and its disappearance marks the final failure of an ancient people to isolate themselves from the rest of humanity. On August 23, 1910, Korean territory was annexed by Japan. The late Emperor Yi became a Japanese prince without political power. A Japanese governor-general took into his capable hands authority misused by a long dynasty of autocrats. The name—manufactured in Japan, and imported into Europe by the Portuguese adventurers who first threaded the Yellow Sea—was abandoned in favour of the far older Chinese designation of Cho-sen, the land of morning calm. For the Chinese the sun rose over Cho-sen. The northern hill-tops could be seen faintly on a fine morning before the yellow fogs hid them from view. For us on a good map to-day, particularly on the magnificent one issued by the Japanese War Department, the peninsula has an illusive resemblance to a great headless butterfly, speeding on the wings of the morning to 'China 'crost the bay.'

If romance abides under the shadow of the unknown, then its citadel was in the hermit kingdom of Korea. It is impossible for any people to hide themselves entirely from their nearest neighbours, and particularly from such neighbours as those which Korea had both on the right hand and on the left. But as long ago as the ninth century of the Christian era the Arab geographer, Khordadbah, wrote of the 'land of Sila, which is rich in gold.' He does not appear to have seen this mysterious El Dorado himself, while even that inquisitive traveller, Marco Polo, hardly mentions the country, although he describes quite fully Zipangu, or Japan. The Koreans themselves feared the sea. It was the abode of the dreaded Japanese pirates. It was the perennial path for enemies. The depth of their dread may be gauged from the strange anomaly of a sea-girt people whose wretched boats will scarcely go beyond tide water. Not that the shores of the peninsula are badly protected. On the east the land is high and unbroken by openings. The water also is shallow. On the



west the coast-line is embroidered with rocky, inhospitable islands. Both the Yellow Sea and the Sea of Japan are heavy with mists or bemused by fog. They are subject to tempestuous storms. 'The Japanese wind,' the Koreans call the typhoon. The western rivers also are swift and the tides puzzling. These difficulties naturally bulked larger in medieval times than they do now in days of steam, when the seas have been charted and the coasts lit. Not content, however, with natural barriers, the Koreans deliberately desolated the country behind the coast to make their land seem yet more uninviting to strangers. With a similar purpose they devastated a belt of country twenty leagues wide between themselves and Manchuria. To make this bare land, four cities and many villages were suppressed and left in ruins. Robbers and woolly tigers discouraged those who would pass over it. So, whether he came by sea or by land, the stranger was not welcomed.

The desire for national isolation is not uncommon. It was found in ancient Egypt and in medieval China. In Cho-sen it was largely due to the desire for safety. Cho-sen has been called the Ireland of the East. Like the Irish, the Koreans possessed both art and culture when their Western neighbours had little of either. Their missionaries took over to Japan the civilisation of Korea, the literature of China, and the religion of India. This debt has been gratefully acknowledged over and over again. Again, like Ireland in the past, Cho-sen suffered much from a strong neighbour. The history of the relationship with China is little more than a long record of misgovernment, alternated with fierce and fitful rebellions. Probably against their wills, the Koreans had two points of touch with the outer world, Fusan on the east coast, and Aichu on the banks of the Yalu river. A needle's eye in peace becomes a floodgate in time of war. The Chinese armies over and over again entered through Aichu, while the Japanese navies came to Fusan as allies at one time and as invaders at another. The greatest calamity in the history of Cho-sen, the invasion of Hideyoshi, came through Fusan, and so also from the same quarter came the final blow in recent years against national isolation. - Whether the latter is a calamity or not remains yet to be seen.

The Japanese invasion at the end of the sixteenth century has a striking resemblance to the recent German invasion of Belgium. Japan was a strong military power, Cho-sen was not. The attack

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in both instances was wanton and unprovoked. Hideyoshi was a great general and his soldiers were brave, but without pity. They took no wounded prisoners and they savaged the slain. Outside Kyoto to-day may be seen the Mimi-zuka, or ear mound, containing the noses and ears of the Koreans killed during the years 1592-97. Moreover, Hideyoshi anticipated the iniquitous German policy of deporting a civilian population. He removed to Japan the artificers and skilled workmen of Cho-sen. The beautiful Satsuma ware owes its origin to the Korean potters whose descendants are still to be seen in the neighbourhood of Kagoshima. Anyone who is familiar with the racial characteristics will recognise the survival of type, and in passing it may be noted that the Koreans are remarkable for their facial individuality. The lower classes in China and Japan, on the other hand, are perplexingly alike, at least to western eyes. Cho-sen never recovered from this cruel blow at its national existence. The little finger of Hideyoshi proved thicker than the loins of the whole Manchu dynasty.

The Japanese Shogun next after Hideyoshi was Ieyasu, the founder of the Tokugawa dynasty. He also adopted for his people a policy of practical isolation. Consequently from the beginning of the seventeenth century to the latter half of the nineteenth the Koreans were left alone to dree out their own weird. Then came the opening of Japan to western commerce, and the fall of the Tokugawa Shogunate. A little later the Japanese applied to their neighbours in the east the same methods which they themselves had resented ineffectually. Through Japanese pressure Fusan was opened to western trade. How fiercely this violation of their privacy was resented by the Koreans may be judged from a story told by Captain St. John of H.M.S. *Sylvia*. He saw a native in the neighbourhood of Fusan bastinadoed to death for the crime of selling a chicken to a foreigner. At that time Chosen owed suzerainty to China, but as Japanese influence increased that of China decreased. Matters reached their climax at the conclusion of the Chino-Japanese war in 1895. The Chinese then repudiated in favour of Japan in the Treaty of Shimonoseki all their ancient claim to suzerainty.

As is so often the case, an apparently great success is followed by a period of eclipse. When I was in Cho-sen in 1902 Japanese prestige was under a heavy cloud, and had been so from the very year in which the Treaty of Shimonoseki was signed. The story

of the collapse is an interesting one as illustrating the ineffectual struggles of the Koreans to preserve their national existence, and as a warning to politicians who imagine that there are short cuts to reform. The most striking figure upon the stage of Korean politics during the fourth quarter of the nineteenth century was the Empress Ming. The Chinese, the Japanese, and the Russians were all competitors for imperial favour, and each with thinly veiled policies of political domination. The Americans possessed influence also, but without desire for more than commercial influence. Ming played off each power, however, against the rest with consummate adroitness, in order to block changes and so to preserve the power of her weak amiable husband and the succession of her degenerate son. After the peace of Shimonoseki the Japanese were officially pledged to carry out a policy of reform, and it is only just to allow that the political activities of the redoubtable Empress must have been to the Japanese both perplexing and exasperating. The Japanese, on their side, provoked the people by the rigidity and lack of proportion they displayed in carrying out their work of reform. Thus they played into the hands of the reactionaries. In great and small, however, the Empress used unscrupulously her woman's wit and her undoubted ability to hinder the Japanese in every way. So long as Count Inouye was in Seoul he managed to carry on, but unfortunately he was withdrawn in 1895, and Viscount Miura, a capable soldier without diplomatic experience, took his place. Miura soon lost patience with the Empress, and he made the political blunder of conniving at her assassination. This was all the more culpable because a few months earlier Inouye had specifically given assurance that 'the Japanese Government would not fail to protect the royal house, even by force of arms.' Assassination was not a difficult matter to arrange in a country where it was said that no man's life was worth more than a yen—the Japanese equivalent of an English florin. The particular instruments utilised against the Empress were some Kun-ren-tai, or Japanese trained troops, who had been disbanded through her influence. In the early hours of the morning of October 8, 1895, these disbanded men, accompanied by civilians, some of whom were Japanese, forced their way into the palace. They pursued the unhappy Empress from room to room. They savagely cut down all who blocked their path. At last they caught her whom they sought. They cut her down also, and before she was dead they poured kerosene over her body and burned it in the

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palace grounds not far from the Emperor's summer-house, which is set in the middle of a lake of lotus flowers.

The immediate effect of the assassination was the removal of all opposition to Japanese reform. The terrified Emperor, a prisoner in his own palace, did everything that his pro-Japanese ministry advised. He even signed an infamous edict proclaiming the wickedness of his late consort, and deposing her from imperial rank to the level of the lowest class. But four months after the assassination, on February 11, 1896, the Emperor and his son escaped to the Russian legation in two box chairs belonging to the palace women. The hare then became a tiger. Before the day was out the Emperor revenged himself in a characteristically Eastern fashion for his four months' fright. He condemned all his late ministry to death. There was no shuffling of portfolios possible when a Korean government was reconstructed. It is probable that the Japanese Government had no previous knowledge of the assassination. They recalled Miura and they instituted an abortive enquiry at Hiroshima into the whole matter. But the net result was that for ten years, until the close of the Russo-Japanese war, Japanese influence was under a cloud in Chosen. Russian Codlin was the Emperor's friend, not Japanese Short.

The imperial court never got back to its old quarters, even when the Japanese peril had disappeared. In 1902 it was still domiciled near to the Russian legation. Staying as I did close to the temporary palace I could not help forming opinions of the life going on therein. The place reminded me of a great nest of ants—constant movement without apparent motive. There may have been some dignity in the surroundings of the palace of Kyeng Bok Chang Duk, there was none in the temporary palace near the Russian legation. Everything was dirty and squalid. The soldiers on guard, with their guns carried at an angle which imperilled the eyes of all that passed by, looked ragged and rascally. The officials and hangers-on were insolent in demeanour and yet furtively apprehensive. The women who were carried in and out in their chairs were singularly unattractive. In short they made one realise the extreme difficulty of the task to which the Japanese had set their hands when they sought to reform the court and to decrease the huge number of courtiers. Perhaps the task was no greater than that which presented itself to the British in Malaya. But the British had experience in these matters and a highly trained band of civil servants, which the Japanese had not. It

was possible for the British to preserve the old regime and to govern through the Rajahs, and it was not possible for the Japanese to do the same thing in Cho-sen. They tried again to do so after 1905, but in the end they gave it up. In 1910, after annexation, the court with its quaint ceremonial, its interesting anachronisms, and its shameless abuses was abolished altogether.

A similar attempt to reform the administration of justice through Korean channels ended a year before annexation. In 1909 'the Government of Korea delegated to the Government of Japan the administration of justice and prisons in Korea.' The most flagrant abuses had disappeared long before under Japanese influence, but in 1902 it was possible to hear the piercing shrieks of the prisoners being bastinadoed in almost any yamen. Bastinadoing is common in many countries, but the Korean method was so curious that it is worth describing. The instrument of punishment itself resembled a canoe paddle with a long flexible handle. The victim was seated on a chair and sometimes tied there with ropes or held down to the seat by four men. The executioner swung the paddle over his head and brought it down with all his strength across the thighs of the prisoner just above the knees. A woman was allowed to have on one garment, which was wetted with water to make it cling to the skin, and which, if it savoured of decency, also increased the pain. The severity of the punishment may be judged from the fact that a hundred strokes of the paddle was reckoned equivalent to death. When the prisoner survived, the beating frequently caused pernicious ulcers, and permanent lameness, and always ugly unmistakable scars. Without doubt, the punishment, severe as it was, may have been justified at times, but the vitiating element was that it was given frequently at the whim of the magistrate, while all justice was openly associated with a system of bribery. Indeed one case was told me of a criminal condemned to death, and who had received the first blow, being kept weltering in his blood while the executioner haggled with him as to the price he should pay for his death stroke. I saw one prison in Seoul which certainly was infinitely better than others I had visited a few months earlier in China. There was a large open space instead of crowded fetid rooms, and there were no prisoners crouching under the weight of the heavy wooden cangue, or square collar, and no execution yard outside sodden with blood and carpeted with black coarse human hair. The prisons in Cho-sen had been reformed, at least in part, by the

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Japanese, and they had not slipped back entirely into their pristine barbarity. Since 1905 these reforms have been increased and systematised. The Japanese system of justice, modelled upon western methods and based upon modern jurisprudence, has been adapted to the needs of Cho-sen, and given justice and honest effective administration, there seems no good reason why the Koreans should not become as prosperous as the corresponding classes in Japan.

The Japanese have nationalised all the public services. This was unavoidable. The railways, however, are not numerous, and the transport is still largely in the hands of the porters. It would be interesting to know how the Japanese have handled this class in the community who had banded themselves together from early times upon lines curiously suggestive of western trades unions. If the porters considered that any part of the country treated them badly, they refused to carry their food or produce in that district, and soon starved its inhabitants into better behaviour. On the other hand, the postal service has been organised so as to cover the whole peninsula. The Japanese had commenced to do this prior to 1895, and in 1902 the Korean post-offices were open, at least in Seoul and Chemulpo. They seemed to exist principally for the sale of stamps to philatelists. Foreigners preferred to use the carrying medium of their respective consulates, and the Koreans had their own time-honoured custom of sending their letters by the hand of a friend. Probably this has changed, and for one reason which is not obvious at first sight. A Korean school-girl in an essay on the post-office, expressed the reason thus: 'The use of the post-office is that we can send letters secretly, without anyone knowing.'

The old roads of Cho-sen were for the most part well-trodden footways, capable of being used as bridle-paths but not of carrying wheeled vehicles. There were no broad roads in unreformed Korea. The Japanese have supplied this need. Five years ago they had opened fourteen hundred miles of road. They have also changed the face of the country. Once it was impossible to avoid being depressed by the bareness of the landscapes. There were no trees, at least near the populated areas, and very little brush-wood. All had been destroyed, and nothing had been planted in its place. This deforesting not only had affected the supply of fuel, but every year the rains washed the soil from the unprotected hill-sides, and the rice crops suffered severely. The

Japanese have carried to Cho-sen their own admirable system of forestry. And in order to compass quickly the huge task of planting a country as large as Great Britain, they enlisted the services of the children. It is said that on one day alone, a couple of years ago, no fewer than thirteen million trees were planted by the school children of Cho-sen.

There have been schools in Cho-sen from time immemorial, but they used to be conducted upon the traditional Chinese plan. The scholars sat upon the ground with their books before them, vociferating at the top of their voices the lessons which they were committing to memory from the Chinese classics. A supercilious, begoggled teacher, rod in hand, threw in every now and then a word of correction, in stentorian tones which rose high above the din. Beautiful writing was taught, if the making of ideograms with a paint brush can properly be called writing, but the general result of Korean education was a slavery in act and thought to traditions two thousand years old. The Japanese have grafted in their own educational system, which includes primary and secondary instruction. Tuition and books are free to both sexes. Technical education is given in industry and in agriculture. Teaching is bilingual—in Japanese and Korean. Not a few in England might be inclined to envy the people of Cho-sen their educational system to-day. For one thing, the Japanese have steered a fair course between the Scylla of a religious difficulty, which far exceeds in size English denominational animosities, and a Charybdis of secularism, which the Japanese recognise better than we do, brings moral antinomianism. They allow Christian teaching, and at the same time they teach their own theories of religious morality. Mission schools have been encouraged, but subjected to strict superintendence and control. This does not affect absolute freedom in religious teaching, which is as the breath of the body to any educational system.

Lafcadio Hearn has said in effect that the widest gulf between the west and the east is in the divergent estimates of women to be found in England and Japan. Those who have known old Cho-sen as well as the 'Islands of the Dragon Fly' will feel that there were still wider orifices to be found in the Land of Morning Calm. With regard to this subject I can write little from personal knowledge. I never spoke to a Korean woman. I never saw any that were not of the kind required by statute to wait upon Oxford undergraduates—old and unlovely. I was never able to distinguish



accurately boys from girls, unless it happened, as sometimes was the case, the small boy had the wide-brimmed hat signifying that he had embarked upon the troublous seas of matrimony. The women, old and young, whom I met ostentatiously turned their backs upon me. This I could not ascribe altogether to modesty. 'This Australian stranger is very ugly. He has green eyes and the nose of an owl.' This frank and uncompromising verdict was passed upon me in Cho-sen, although not by a woman. It explains in part the feminine prejudice against the alien male, although the religious equation enters in as it usually does, positively or negatively, into feminine judgments. Grey or blue eyes, aquiline features, and hair touched in the slightest with a ruddy glow are the outward signs of a devil of the extremely unpleasant Korean variety.

The French missionaries, who knew most of the social life of old Cho-sen, constantly maintained that according to Korean philosophy a woman had no moral existence. She was an instrument of work or a bauble of pleasure, but never a comrade, still less an equal. She had not even a name. In childhood she had a surname by which she was known in her own family. To all others she was 'the sister' of such a one, or 'the daughter' of so-and-so. After marriage she became entirely nameless. Her own parents spoke of her by the district into which she was married, her parents-in-law by the village from which she came. When she bore male children she became 'the mother' of her son. If she was luckless enough to be haled before the magistrate, in order to save time and trouble, she received a court name under which she was tried and acquitted or condemned.<sup>1</sup> Could anything be more illuminative of the great gulf between East and West than this statement, which must be accepted as accurate? None the less, women have many ways of making their authority felt besides through the franchise. Bishop Corfe used to maintain to me stoutly that many a Korean male who lorded it in the open streets was compelled to sink his crest at home. The grim faces of the old ladies and their sturdy frames—united to what I had heard of the murdered Empress' methods with her political opponents—made me inclined to accept this witness without reserve. Besides, was it not a Far Western observer of human nature who said that the sauciest man in the world was the henpecked husband away from home?

<sup>1</sup> *Vide Korea*, by W. E. Griffis, New York, 1897, p. 245.

Very early in the day Japanese efforts at reform began to benefit Korean women. In annulling the traditional custom of the men being clad only in white robes, the women were delivered from a life of continuous laundry work. In stopping the picturesque custom of the woman's hour in Seoul—when at the clanging of the great bell the ladies walked abroad and the men, under penalty of being smacked with paddles, stayed at home—a blow was struck at the mischievous conventions which hid beneath a cloak of protection a deep contempt of women. To the Japanese also women must credit the repeal of the unjust law that the wife and children of a criminal must share his fate. The honour of beginning the work of education must be given to the Christian missionaries. When the Sisters of St. Peter, an Anglican community, first began their work, not only was no woman allowed to be seen in public, but only a few of the highest rank were considered capable of learning letters. Under Japanese rule education for women is far more than playing at school, and what will English educationists think of a system which includes the extension of women's education to the age of thirty? And yet this is literally the case. What will happen to the products of this system when they leave school simply staggers the imagination of those who have seen the Korean houses and have wondered at the strange conventionalities of Korean life. One thing is certain. Old Korea, if it has not already vanished, is fast fading away.

The introduction of western medicine in Cho-sen should be placed to the credit of British sailors who founded and maintained by voluntary subscriptions the Naval Hospital at Seoul. A visit there in 1902 first gave some conception of the effects of Korean surgery. The Korean doctors did not affect the knife. They probably shared with China a deep horror of mutilating the human body, considering such a thing as an insult to the parents from whom the body was received. But unlike their Chinese confrères they showed some knowledge of anatomy in their methods of acupuncture. Surgery was summed up largely in Korea in the use of long coarse uncleanly needles, which were plunged into all parts of the liver and stomach as well as the joints and muscles. There was scarcely a complicated case in the Seoul Hospital where it was not possible to see the angry-looking little scars marking the spot into which the chim had been thrust. When the needles had been heated, as was usually the case, no bloodpoisoning supervened, but when the needle was cold it became an instrument of

inoculation of a mixed multitude of microbes. The old Korean doctor carried at his girdle a bunch of filthy cock's feathers, upon which he wiped his chim after use. After the chim the burning iron was valued, and so also was a method of bleeding. In many cases cupping and the use of the cautery were good, but the Korean system of dabbing upon abscesses and wounds a huge black disgusting plaster, made indifferently of dough, clay, or thick paper, was the cause of indescribable suffering. The ultimate cause of sickness, as indeed of every other ill to which the human flesh is heir, was attributed of old to the work of one of the crowd of daemons who populated earth, sky, and sea. The use of the needle was intended to let evil spirits out of the body, although the Korean surgeons to-day rarely own this is their belief, but the plasters certainly keep them in. They seal up all discharges and entirely prevent the healing functions of Nature.

The Korean pharmacopoeia was entirely herbal and included the far-famed native root of ginseng, for which the Chinese pay fabulous prices. No drug in the British Pharmacopoeia can rival ginseng in Chinese favour. It is a tonic, a febrifuge, a stomachic, the very elixir of life. The Chinese pay fabulous sums for the wild variety which grows in the Kang-ge mountains, and than the cultivated variety no Korean export was more valuable. Ginseng, like the mandrake, bears a curious resemblance to the human form. There is, however, in Cho-sen no tradition such as that which gave additional terror to the English root, that it shrieks when touched. After I left Cho-sen in 1902 I had occasion to seek the aid of an old-fashioned Japanese doctor in a remote part of Kyushu. He gave me a multitude of microscopic pills. Had I been brave enough to go to a Korean doctor he would have given me I fear a horse-bolus. The Korean doses are enormous. A pint of castor-oil was considered a moderate dose, and even a child takes half that quantity. Other drugs are administered in similar proportion. And yet when all has been said, western medicine may be enriched from the age-old herbs grown in the hermit kingdom. It will be a pity if this by-path of science is not pursued while there is yet time. Now the Naval Hospital in Seoul is not the solitary sentry of western medicine. The Japanese have stationed in each large town a well-equipped Government hospital. There are Japanese chemists in all the large villages. And from the medical schools there flows forth a steady stream of doctors and nurses for the healing of the people.

Medicine is the most humane of all the reforms due to the Japanese.

What are the people of Cho-sen thinking? The question is not easy to answer. For one thing the Japanese are as fully alive as the Germans to the importance of the Press. There are two daily papers published in the vernacular in Seoul. There is also an English journal and several printed in Japanese. There is also a very rigid censorship at home and abroad. Whatever news therefore comes to Europe comes with the official imprimatur. An exception was found in missionary literature, and on one occasion I remember the Japanese Government appealed to our Foreign Office against an outspoken criticism made in the magazine of the Korean Mission against the colonising methods of Japan. With regard to Korean opinion, however, the Japanese themselves seem a little dissatisfied. According to the writer of a recent voluminous book, compiled largely from Japanese sources, the Koreans take what Japan gives submissively but without enthusiasm. 'The spirit of reform seems a stranger to them—a stranger alongside of whom they are quite willing to live, accepting his advice and obviously profiting thereby, but not one whom they welcome into their houses.'<sup>1</sup> The explanation of this aloofness from reform probably is that the people of Japan are upon their trial. The people of Cho-sen, although they are as clay in the hand of the potter, are a'so sitting upon the judgment-seat. Those who have taken the trouble to study the history of the two people will not be surprised that such is the case. From the time of Hideyoshi's unwarrantable and ruthless invasion until this present Japan has been to the people they once despoiled 'the accursed nation.' Submission to 'reforming agencies' therefore may be no more a certain sign of the real feelings of the annexed province than was the acceptance of the inestimable benefits of German Kultur indicative of the mind of the Alsatians and Lorrainers. In Article VI. of the Treaty of Annexation the Mikado's government undertook to afford full protection for the persons and properties of the people who obeyed the laws, and at the same time they promised to promote the welfare of the whole people. From the Koreans' standpoint it remains to be seen how far the undertaking will be faithfully fulfilled. An Englishman, with some knowledge of the British Empire, may be forgiven if he puts the matter in another way. If the Japanese accept all the conditions

<sup>1</sup> Vide *Japan : the New World-Power*, by R. P. Porter, 1915, p. 644.

of trusteeship, then the Koreans will forget the past and take their proper place in the Japanese commonwealth. If the Japanese regard a people similar in race to themselves only as 'semi-fanatics and semi-pirates' whose conversion into 'peaceful citizens' requires 'as much skill and firmness as to domesticate savages,' if they consider Japanese projects in Asia as matters of primary importance and think of the peninsula only as a base for commercial or military expansion beyond it, then the end is not yet. Nations are tried by peace as much as by war, and any nation pursuing policies which are not easy to understand is likely to be an object of suspicion with or without reason to its nearest neighbours—particularly to the people who may feel that they occupy the unenviable position of the toad under a harrow.

Since the above paragraph was written there have been strange happenings in Cho-sen. According to a long-delayed telegram despatched from Shanghai on March 7, hundreds of persons, on the occasion of the funeral obsequies of the late Emperor, forced their way into the palace where the dead body lay, clamouring for the independence of their country. Subsequent telegrams from Japan gave the additional information that the people had been led to believe that the Paris Conference had sanctioned their national self-determination. Crowds, excited by rumour, demonstrated before the French and United States Consulates in Seoul, and elsewhere gave way to disturbances which were not subdued without bloodshed. Unfortunately the rigid press censorship, to which I have referred, prohibited at first the publication of any information whatever in the Japanese papers regarding the disturbances, and this mistaken secrecy, as was found to be the case in this country at certain stages of the war, only gave exaggerated importance to the real facts. Now that the censorship is being relaxed it appears likely that the Koreans may have been misled by what they heard from American sources as to the actual powers of the Paris Conference, but they had also other grounds of complaint against their capable and reforming rulers. The Japanese are inclined to an excessively paternal government, even at home, and this has been one of their weaknesses of colonial administration. Until far fuller information is forthcoming it would be futile to sit in judgment upon the dispute between the Japanese and Koreans. It would be no less foolish to jump to the conclusion that the American missionaries can be accused justly of carrying on a nationalistic propaganda among their converts. Viscount Kato's

recent statement that the functions of missionaries had changed with changing Korea is worthy of consideration by all friends of the people. Under the old régime missions provided protection and practically all education on modern lines, but the Japanese administration is very different from the corrupt bureaucracy of the Korean court.

Whatever may be the wishes of the people of Cho-sen to-day, their general conditions must be immeasurably happier than they were in the days when the Yangbans lorded it over them in Seoul. But it is difficult for one whom time has not robbed of his love of romance to stifle a sigh that the hermit kingdom is no longer. I like to think of Korea as I saw it first, with its mountains glorious in sunshine, but with its sea-coast hidden in the milky stillness of a morning mist—mysterious, unknown and unknowable. The doors of the sanctuary of solitude have been broken down, and those who loved to order their affairs according to their own sweet wills are being made to standardise their thousand-year-old methods to modern conditions they once distrusted and despised. The dust of centuries is being brushed away remorselessly. For a little time longer tall white-clad figures in wide black hats will stride slowly down the main street of Seoul, seeing the spirit of reform without showing opposition or welcome. The sturdy shapeless women of the old regime may still turn their backs with unfeigned repulsion upon things as they are, and refuse to look upon the face of reform. None the less old Korea is dead, and if I were asked to choose a motto for its sepulchre I should write: 'The land of the sunrise and of the sunset of romance.'

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## EDUCATION BY SCIENCE.

*'Les enfants étant si intelligents, comment se fait-il que les hommes soient si bêtes ? Ça vient de l'éducation !'*

A VERY excellent article on 'Education by the Humanities,' which appeared in THE CORNHILL for March last, showed the admirable results obtained at Drighlington (Elementary) School, Bradford, by a system of vernacular literary reading. It was demonstrated that by this plan 'children of twelve will have read many good books, and, when left at school till fourteen, will be far in advance of the children in other elementary schools and will have read a mass of good literature which will enable them to live clean, useful, and intelligent lives after leaving school.' They also, it appears, take pleasure in collecting little libraries of their own, and the child so trained 'starts life with a ready-made library of good books and a love of reading them which is like wearing chain-armour against the vicissitudes of life.'

The Education Director's report on five schools in Gloucestershire, which only began the method last year, says that 'it was quite plain that the children had plunged into the wealth of books with a whole-hearted enjoyment,' and that 'girls of eleven had so gained in command of words and facility of expression that they were writing three or four times as much as they would have done before the change, and were using a vocabulary they never would have used at all.'

This is all to the good ; it is a great advance, and can hardly be praised too highly in contrast with the old system. But there is another side to the matter. If taken alone it may be repeating the colossal mistake of the Educational Department in India, which, by its purely literary methods, trained a proletariat of the pen scorning handwork, exalting glibness and sophistry into fine arts, and living by political agitation. Command of words and facility of expression is the curse of India, as it is of Ireland, and may easily become the curse of England also. Moreover, if not balanced with exact knowledge, it tends to encourage in after years that glorification of mere opinion which is the source of so many of our present social conflicts.

The great difficulty which is experienced in any discussion (however friendly) to which some definite conclusion is desired,



whether it be a trade dispute, a political argument, or a religious question, is to find a common ground of admitted fact. Each party starts from his own limited experiences as if they were the whole truth, and they do not argue to reach truth, but wrangle for victory. This is very largely the result of the purely literary training which gives a command of language, called by each disputant the 'prejudices' of the other; and, as a rule, they separate each fortified in his own opinion, because each has heard 'views,' miscalled 'reasons.' They 'agree to differ'—which matters little when no practical conclusions are pending, but much when lines of conduct are to be decided on. Hence comes the endless clash of conflicting opinions. The literary mind, like a boat with one oar, moves in a circle.

It is exact knowledge—Science—and that alone, which can bring men to one mind as far as that process is possible, or indeed desirable. Science reconciles; we do not mind conceding to natural law what we will never concede to opinion, however 'expert.' In the modern world Science has been the great reconciler of fundamental differences. The old literary philosophy claimed to deal with final facts. Alike in religion and politics, distinctions were treated as absolute and contended for as final. Intolerance, and even persecution, were but the logical outcome of this frame of mind. Its physical concepts were of like kind with its politics, assigning to each object its created and inherent properties or essence. Now, the old idea that flame tended upwards by its affinity to the heavens, and a stone downwards by affinity to the earth, has been superseded by the idea of Force as the one and only cause of motion. Movement, whensoever and wheresoever occurring, whether due to mechanical pressure or to chemical or vital change, is the result of forces whose magnitudes and directions are capable, or should be capable, of mathematical expression. The orderly results of such forces we can ascribe to Immanent Intelligence standing in much the same relation to those forces as that which those forces hold to inert Matter.

The ancient 'four elements' of Aristotle (still true as standing for the solid, liquid, gaseous, and ethereal states) were displaced by the discoveries of Lavoisier, Sir Humphry Davy, Faraday, Gay-Lussac, and a whole galaxy of pioneers in the new fields into which these have led the way. Some seventy metals and non-metals replaced the primitive four, and the permutations of these under the forces of atomic attractions account for the myriad compounds of Nature.

Laplace, using Newton's epoch-making discoveries, had given to the world the brilliant 'nebular hypothesis'—as great a departure in celestial mechanics as Lavoisier's had been in chemistry—when Grove, in 'The Correlation of the Physical Forces,' made another splendid extension of the 'Principia,' showing that definite quantities of motion, heat, light, electricity, and the like are mutually interconvertible, and are essentially one thing—Energy—working force as contrasted with static force.

From the parent sciences, Geology and Chemistry, were born the sciences of the physical basis and development of life. Another great generalisation arose from the labours of the biologists, whose work is most distinctively represented by Darwin and Wallace. The constant tendency to variation in living things (setting aside teleological speculation on the purpose, or experimental research into the origin of this tendency), and the agency whereby changes which make for suitability to environment and power over it are rendered permanent, and converse changes are obliterated, were summarised and co-ordinated into the Evolutionary Theory.

Slowly the old conceptions were dissolved. It has been well said that as the warm water fathoms deep washes the submerged ice, so slowly men's ideas change. Slowly the centre of gravity moved from theological postulates to Cartesian axioms, and from these to exact experiments on Matter and Force. There was much commotion and tumult when the inevitable reversal took place, but when it had quieted down, scientific method had superseded dialectical method. The iceberg had turned.

This idea of 'Becoming' under the action of internal and external forces has covered the entire field of Nature, from the birth and death of suns and planets to those of the smallest structures which the microscope can reveal. There is every reason to think that the very elements themselves are not final products or fixed forms, but mark the present stage of stellar evolution. The concept has won its victorious way into the realms of social science, and has modified every department of thought. Every modern problem—whether social, biologic, or physical, is stated in evolutionary terms of Time and Energy, and its solution can be reached in no other way than by demonstration of conformity to Law, *i.e.* to sequences following on causes. The day for final and dogmatic pronouncements has passed away.

The place of Science in Education is therefore a matter of fitting children for the world of to-day. It is not any question of special knowledge. It is not a matter of training them for technical

knowledge, valuable as that is. The need is to train not only the function of mind which enjoys literary pursuits and recreations, but that other function which grapples with a difficulty and understands it. This cannot be given by any purely literary training. Literary methods can develop taste, they are indispensable to sympathy and reverence, they make the past live again and show warning and guiding lights; but they cannot reveal Law. Taken alone they lead to a disinclination to tackle real problems, to the delusion that great questions can be solved by oratory; and they may lead, they sometimes have led, to intellectual softness and decadence, or even to Reading gaol.

There are certain fixed principles of the material and super-material world which govern all the social problems we have to face. They are the principles of Matter, the principles of Energy, and the principles of Life; which latter, for mankind, includes the principles of right *versus* wrong action. These principles are quite simple in their primary forms—they interest children quite as much as literary work, they give the feeling of conscious advance in solid knowledge of unalterable facts, and they strengthen the invaluable habit of getting down to the roots of things and tackling a problem, instead of absorbing a literary 'view.'

I speak from nigh on twenty years' experience in practical teaching when I say that these principles enable a child to understand why ventilation and cleanliness are necessary to health, why a fire 'goes out,' how plants grow, why iron rusts, how soap cleanses, and a thousand everyday matters which are habitually neglected, mismanaged, or rebelled against. How very far-reaching may be the consequences of a lack of scientific knowledge has been illustrated in the late war, when a Government official actually informed Parliament, with reference to German manufacture of nitro-glycerin that the extraction of glycerin from fats (discovered by Scheele in 1779 and used ever since) was a new chemical process and had therefore been overlooked. And nobody laughed! And our statesmen apparently were not aware that cotton, from which cordite, the only reliable artillery propellant, is derived, must therefore be among the very first products to be made contraband of war. This ignorance has cost us thousands of lives and millions of money. The difficulties which beset us at the present moment are fundamentally problems of Energy. However complex they may be from industrial and financial points of view, some of the greatest are simple enough in their physical and engineering aspect. Coal is valuable for the heat units it potentially contains. Of

the total heat of combustion it is possible under present conditions to transform about 18 per cent. into working power; but out of the total energy of the fuel, locomotives convert only a relatively small proportion, from  $4\frac{1}{2}$  to 6 per cent., into motion. Put otherwise—out of every £100 spent on coal only about £6 is converted into paying work on our railways; £94 is lost. But with the best boilers and steam turbines about 70 per cent. of the energy of steam (*i.e.* about 18 per cent. of the energy of the coal) can be converted into electrical horse-power. Therefore the conversion of coal energy into electrical energy at pit-head would treble the power to be had from the coal, leaving the millions spent in transport available for capital charges on distribution and upkeep, and giving the means to content the miners.

It is the same with our domestic heating arrangements: of the total fuel consumed in ordinary grates only some 12 per cent. is usefully employed, whereas by central heating, an ordinary ten-roomed house can be effectively warmed by very little more than the fuel required for one ineffective fire. Wealth consists in material products transformed by applied power, and volume of production depends (1) on the understanding of physical laws by users, and (2) on cheap power. But in face of the problems which turn on the use of energy, and on whose solution social adjustments depend, the number of persons in our educated and commercial classes who understand anything about the matter is extremely small. Most persons regard it as a recondite specialism for the engineer and the physicist: they have no notion how closely it touches their comforts and their incomes. The extension of the franchise has brought adult suffrage within practical politics—How can we expect intelligent voting when the mass of our people in all classes are ignorant of the very simplest ideas on the nature of the problems involved?

These things are not remote or recondite. It is not only possible, but easy to form in children's minds quite accurate elementary ideas that Power is real and as measurable as butter. They are intensely interested in doing simple experiments for themselves, and they carry the results into many common-sense applications. For many years I taught all mathematics almost from the very first in close correlation with physics, and found boys of ten to fourteen quite able to grasp physical laws; and that instead of regarding their mathematics as a series of useless tricks set them for quite inscrutable reasons, they felt them as what they are—a form of reasoning on facts which opens to them an intelligent

and connected insight into the beauties of adjustment in the natural world.

It is the same with biology, with this addition—that the laws of plant-growth admit of extension into the realm of morality and show the unescapable biologic laws which connect misuse of power with physical degeneracy and disease. It is quite unnecessary to use technical phraseology or complicated formulas. Principles are very simple and can be shown by very simple experiments and data: *e.g.* Wealth consists of natural products procured and transformed by Energy. Money circulates in return for that energy expended. The amount of expendable energy is unlimited—I do not mean infinite—and how it is directed and expended depends on human knowledge and good will. In exchanging its products money passes from hand to hand; but the money is not wealth; if there were no forgery or fraud, paper would be as good as gold for internal transactions. If all energy were expended on the things which nourish, warm, instruct, beautify, and give happiness, there might be abundance for all. Unfortunately men will buy at high prices the things which minister to evil pleasures—gluttony, display, and worse—and the energies of supply which might produce the things which are clean, lovely, and of good report are turned aside to the causes of strife. Does any one pretend that this kernel of political economy cannot be understood by boys of fourteen or even of twelve? Twenty years' experience has shown me that the average boy is nearly, if not quite, as capable of appreciating principles as the average man; for what is lost by the tendency of the immature mind to hard-and-fast definition between true and false is gained by its freedom from self-interested bias. It is only when required to draw inferences or to generalise, that the immaturity of the mind is conspicuous. It can see principles as the eye sees colour.

Two different acts of a boy's mind are often confounded together by parents and teachers—his power of understanding facts and principles on the one hand, and of generalising from them on the other. From this confusion of mind on the part of those who have the direction of children two mistakes commonly arise: Facts and principles are withheld as being 'beyond their years,' and the conclusions and pre-judgments of older minds (which really are beyond their powers) are inculcated as facts. As these are quite foreign to the boy's own mental processes he only retains them by an effort of the memory and not of the understanding, and therefore they do not influence his conduct. To this initial error in Education is due also in after-life that inability to distin-

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guish between facts and opinions, which is the root of so many idle controversies.

Boys do not set themselves against a kindly and intelligent instructor who knows his business: men do; as every true philosopher from Socrates to Ruskin has had to deplore. *Les enfants étant si intelligents, comment se fait-il que les hommes soient si bêtes? Ça vient de l'éducation.* The French cynic is literally right! We make things difficult and obscure by our methods, and pass by the real beauties to invent imaginary ones. A distinguished lady, recently engaged in stirring up sedition in India, once discoursed to me on Theosophy. Among other things she descanted on the mystery of the Circle—how it generated the six-rayed star, Solomon's Seal formed by prolonging the rays—the symbolism of the superior and inferior worlds, the Star in the East, and a great deal more. I listened and was rather impressed. Having got home and slept on all this wisdom, I took seven pennies and arranged six to touch the central one. Venus Urania, the Muse of Mathematics, spoke to my mind's ear—Is it possible that you don't see that as the distance from the centre of each penny to the centre of the next in any direction is the same in all cases, being equal to a diameter and forming an equilateral triangle, the outer circles *must* touch the central circle at six points, and the six-rayed star results from this simple fact alone? All the other wonderful things are mere arbitrary symbols, and the *fact* is simply that the distance from the centre to the edge is a constant for each particular size of circle. The really wonderful thing is that water, which takes the spherical form, has within it some principle which causes it to crystallise in six-rayed stars, as may be seen in any snow-flake; but whether this can be legitimately taken as symbolic of other things depends on our knowledge of those other things. The wonders of symbolism are mostly fakes and masks, often concealing ignorance; the wonders of Nature are an avenue of beauty which leads up to God. This is perhaps the best reason for teaching Science—it leads us to look on Nature with the eyes of the poet to whom the 'little flower in the crannied wall' spoke of the unending wonders revealed by the laws of Form and Life. Kingsley's 'Water-Babies,' 'Glaucus,' 'Eyes and No Eyes,' 'Lives of the Hunted,' 'Wild Animals I have Known,' 'Ethics of the Dust,' 'Wonders of the Microscope,' and scores of other books can tell what those who have looked on Nature with loving eyes and wise hearts have seen: but how much more real are those wonders to the child who has seen these things with his own eyes, has watched plants grow and flower, and seen beasts and birds and insects

in their own haunts. And when he grows older Science opens to him the whole realm of Law :

‘There rolls the deep where grew the tree.

O Earth, what changes hast thou seen !

There where the long street roars, hath been  
The stillness of the central sea.’

He sees Nature as one great Whole, throbbing with energy, instinct with life, directed by Immanent Intelligence—the Garment of God.

Literature can revive these experiences, it cannot give them. The imagination can reconstruct, it cannot reveal ; and much literature is meaningless to those who have never used their senses to observe Nature at first hand. Nature has, for many, been spoiled by the theories of sciolists—they are not men of science—who have transferred the Struggle for Existence which dominates the subconscious world of brute evolution, to the moral world of mankind, where it has no real place. The fallacy of this was demonstrated by Huxley in his ‘Evolution and Ethics,’ and has been again emphasised in Mr. Benjamin Kidd’s ‘Science of Power,’ in which he shows that, whereas the physical evolution proceeds by the continuity of the germ-plasm transmitting inherited qualities, producing small variations and slow results, the mental evolution proceeds by the transmission of the cultural inheritance, and can transform in one generation.

The writer of the article on ‘Education by the Humanities’ says that Miss Mason, in devising this literary scheme, ‘starts with the assumption—the truth of which the new method has proved to be well-grounded—that the mind of every normal child is of much the same quality, though of different calibre, and capable of receiving the same training, and producing very similar results, quite irrespective of the social class to which the child belongs. In short, that mental powers have no reference to class, the only differences being in individuals.’ Long experience of boys leads me to the same conclusions. If we want a truly democratic education which will harmonise present discords, we must recognise the fact that there are among artisans hundreds of children with brains as good as those of any other social class, and give them both wings of the mind—Humanism and Science.

STANLEY DE BRATH,  
*M.Inst.C.E.*

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## *A MISUNDERSTANDING.*

BY E. L. BUTCHER.

ON the fertile plains of an Egyptian province a day of cloudless sunshine was drawing to its close. The world was green and golden everywhere except in one place, where a great rugged scar upon the earth marked the ruined city of an earlier civilisation. Only a skilled observer could have told that these shapeless heaps and broken crags had once been houses and walls of sundried brick. The old temple had been hewn out of granite to last for all time, and its slow destruction had been due, not to Nature, but to man. Even then the centuries had not been able totally to destroy the signs of a faith so deeply graven in stone. It was two hundred years since the last quarrying had been done among the fallen columns and statues of the temple built by Rameses III., and there were still left two, one prostrate, and one half broken but still erect, of the massive red monoliths which had once filled the great court. For the rest only the desolate heaps were left, rising out of the broken potsherds of a population that had lived and made merry for generation after generation until war and famine and pestilence had come to sweep them all away; and the last survivors had wandered a little way off and built the village which still bore, under strange disguise, the name of the once proud city.

The fragrant fields came up in waves of unbroken green to the low bank which marked the site of the old city wall, and there stopped abruptly. A shallow pool, not quite dry even in early summer, lay between the old city and the canal which ran a little way off toward the village; and where the pool and the canal joined a solitary farmstead broke the rippling waves of green with low mud roof, one spreading sycamore, and a little open space where the sageer was worked. It stood silent and motionless now, the day's work was over, and the bullock was tethered among the green in meditative content.

The owner of the homestead was sitting in his favourite spot, on a barren elevation a little way inside the city wall, which commanded a wide view over the low sunlit plain. He was, as usual, quite alone; his fancy for the old ruins was regarded as uncanny

even by his own people. Menas could not have accounted for it himself. He had no idea that the blood of those long dead princes ran in his veins, or that the mound on which he sat had once been the poor brick church which was all that his ancestors could afford to build after the destruction of the old stone church by a fanatical crowd of Moslems seven hundred years ago. But he did know that, as far back as their tradition could go, generations of his fathers had buried their dead in this place, and not in the cemetery beyond the village where the few Christians remaining in this part of the country now found their last earthly resting-place. Most of the graves within the city had long ago crumbled into dust, but there were one or two old tombs which still bore inscriptions in Coptic, and three that in recent times had been carefully built of plastered brick wherein his grandfather, his father, and his wife lay buried.

Menas could remember his grandfather's death, though he was only seven years old at the time. His grandfather had still owned a great deal of land, though the exactions of the Government were so heavy that there was never money enough to work it properly; and when the crops were grown he never knew how much of the produce would be required of him by the local Moslem governor, as the price of toleration. Still they lived happily, till it came to pass that mortal offence was given by the sturdy landowner. Menas had never been quite sure, but he believed his grandfather had refused to surrender his title-deeds, when Mohammed Ali sent orders that all such were to be given up to him. But he well remembered how, just such an evening as this, when the household had gathered in the court for their evening meal, there was a trampling and jingling of horses outside; and one came running to say that the governor of the district must speak with Sidorous at once. The old man had gone out with his grandson clinging to his hand. Menas remembered that they came out of the archway into a half-circle of men sitting on their horses and holding guns. He heard his grandfather exclaim and found himself pushed so violently away that he fell at some distance. As he fell the shots rang out, and when he got up his grandfather lay dead across the threshold, the soldiers were jangling away, and the screams of women rent the air.

In his father's time land had again and again been taken from them by the Government, and now so few fields were left to him that for the greater part of the year he worked alone, or with such help as his mother and young children could give. But since the

English, of whom he had heard so much but never seen, had taken the country matters had been improving every year. He had not once been made to pay his taxes twice over, and for some years he had been allowed to gather in his crops unmolested. He intended to buy some fresh stock at the yearly fair of the district, and another gold coin should be added to little Helena's dowry.

It was time to call the children in, the sun was very near the purple line of the distant palm groves. Menas roused himself from his meditations among the ruins, and went down into the green and fragrant world of life.

It was May, and the shallow waters were full of lilies everywhere, the floating white blossoms which shine on our own summer waters, the pale pointed petals of the blue lotus, and the great white lotus. Little Helena, in a blue cotton garment, sat on the edge of the pool with her feet among the lilies and tall feathery reeds met over her head. A small boy lay splashing on his back in the shallow water, and beyond them the shield-like leaves and stately blossoms of the white lotus rose on their delicate straight stems some four feet out of the water and caught the sunset light.

Helena saw her father coming and sprang up to greet him.

'Oh, my father, we are playing Pharaoh's daughter,' she cried. 'Sidorous is Moses, and I am Miriam, and Safsaf there is the Princess, only she does not know it.'

'Wonderful!' said Menas, as he lifted his son upon his feet with a gentle shake to get rid of superfluous water, and covered the shining limbs with the red striped shirt which had been thrown off.

He walked on and Helena trotted after him with a sudden change of ideas.

'Father, what has Mohammed Atmullah to do among our tombs?'

'Mohammed Atmullah?' said her father in a startled tone. 'Was *he* in the mounds yesterday?'

'In truth, my father. There was another man with him too whom I have never seen, but he was dressed so oddly—Kyrillos said it was the dress of the city. He saw the cross upon my wrist, and asked Atmullah what those Christians were doing here. And Kyrillos said it was our father's ground, and no one else had a right to be there. And then the stranger struck his stick upon the ground and said that Kyrillos lied, for it was Government ground. What did he mean, my father?'

'God knows,' said Menas bitterly. 'I dare say I shall hear soon enough,' and he swung his son down from his shoulder. 'Keep silence still, Helena, as Kyrilloz bade thee.'

On the next evening when Menas, who had been anxious all day, came in earlier than his wont, he saw two figures disappearing over the ruined wall, and strode after them. As Helena had said, there was Mohammed Atmullah, the son of the village Omdeh, and with him a strange Effendi, in the extremely unbecoming European garb which is now the correct thing for a Government official. Menas saluted him as in duty bound, but turned at once to his acquaintance and civilly asked what the stranger might desire.

'He has come down on behalf of the Government,' answered Atmullah, who was ill at ease.

'And what can the Government want with these barren lands of mine?' asked Menas with proud courtesy.

'Thy lands?' broke in the stranger. 'They are Government lands, and no fellah has anything to do with them.'

'In truth, Menas,' said Mohammed Atmullah, who had always been on good, though formal, terms with his Christian neighbours, 'I have been telling the Effendi that these are at least your graves.'

'This is not the proper place for Christian graves,' remarked the stranger severely. 'I have made inquiries, and I find that there is a cemetery here for the Christians to which their dead should be taken. If the man is ex-communicate, that is not the fault of the Government.'

'Excommunicate! Now by the holy Cross,' broke out Menas fiercely; but the long habit of self-repression, and a dread of what might be at stake, enabled him to command himself, and ask with studied politeness: 'Will his Excellency condescend to inform me wherein the poor graves of my forefathers have offended the Government?'

The little Jack-in-office, who had not long left the new Government schools, was highly gratified at this form of address, and his reply was less offensive.

'My instructions take no note of graves,' he said. 'But the Government has granted permission to the English to dig here, and I am come before to make ready.'

'To dig here? Does the Government think to bring food out of broken potsherds?' asked Menas indignantly. 'If it had been possible, do you think I should not have dug it and caused

it to bring forth before now ? For this is *my* land, and my taxes are duly paid. What has the Government to do with my land ?

'Verily, but you pay no tax for this land,' interposed Mohammed Atmullah. 'It is *sharaki*,<sup>1</sup> as anyone can see.'

'And the graves of my fathers ?' asked Menas with increasing passion. 'Are the English worse than infidels, that they respect not even the abode of the dead ?'

'Talk not of infidels, O unbeliever,' said the Moslem angrily. 'Have I not said these graves have no right to be here ? The orders are to dig a trench right through the mounds, according to the line on this plan. The Englishman is coming in two days, but the men are to begin the work to-morrow. I have given the order to collect them.'

'It shall not be,' broke out Menas. 'I will appeal to the new courts against the Government. Did not your father do so, Atmullah, about the wakf land, and won his case ?'

'Fool of an Egyptian,' said the Effendi scornfully. 'They may have given judgment for the Omdeh perhaps. Do you therefore think they will give it for a Christian ?'

'The English are Christians, even as we are,' answered Menas, defiantly.

'So they say, I know. But all we who live in the world know well that in all their dealings with us they favour the true believers, and hate the Egyptians.'

'It is true,' urged Mohammed Atmullah. 'Be advised, Menas ; if you go to law you will lose both land and money.'

'By the God of my fathers, but my graves shall not be defiled,' burst out Menas so furiously that the two Moslems, both men of much smaller make, started back nervously. 'Depart from my land, and let me see your face no more.'

The constitutional timidity of the Effendi had carried him halfway down the slope before he remembered his official greatness. Then he turned and shook his stick at the tall figure above him, so stately and commanding in spite of the soiled cotton robe.

'You shall repent this,' he cried. 'Is an official in the execution of his duty to be threatened and intimidated by a Christian ?'

Menas smiled as the light of battle faded out of his eyes, and he sat down wearily in his accustomed place. The evening was fair and still as usual, the little ones were at play among the lilies below, and the black-and-white kingfishers sported over the water.

<sup>1</sup> A technical term for waste land, unwatered, uncultivated, and untaxed.

A hoopoe came fearlessly almost to the feet of the motionless figure, and set up its crest with bright-eyed interrogation. Far away a line of peasant women, their graceful figures shrouded in blue-black draperies, a water jar poised on each erect little head, came down from the village for water ; and their shrill voices at the pool woke Menas at last from his reverie.

'It grows late,' he said, 'and I must go and see the Abuna to-night. Surely there must be some way of preventing this outrage, which the Lord will reveal to me.'

The interview with the priest, whom the Copts call Abuna, lasted long, but Menas could obtain no sanction for the open resistance which he desired to offer to the representatives of the Government. The priest promised to try what money could do with the Omdeh, and bade him take no steps till the promised interview was over. He knew that ever since the tragedy of his boyhood the old man was subject at moments of stress to a dangerous clouding of the brain. Menas fully intended to obey the Abuna's orders and set himself to work the next day in a field away from the ruined city. But about midday he heard his little daughter calling and turned to see her flying down the path.

'My father, my father,' she cried. 'The evil men have come, they are cutting close to the mother's grave.'

Menas gave an inarticulate cry of rage, and caught up a long pole which lay unluckily to hand. When he arrived upon the scene four men from the Moslem village were working with picks, under the surveillance of Atmullah and the Effendi from Cairo. One of the men had his feet upon the grave of Helena's mother which was half covered with the rubbish thrown out of the trench. Upon him Menas descended in swift silence and with a sweep of his pole laid the astonished Moslem prostrate in the trench.

'Menas, O Menas! Deal not so madly,' cried Mohammed Atmullah, in a genuine desire to avoid hostilities. 'I was telling him even now to throw the rubbish on the other side.'

'Sons of dogs,' shouted Menas, swinging his pole around him as he stood at the head of the grave with the mien of an avenging angel. 'Depart this moment, or the wrath of the Lord shall be upon you and fire from heaven shall consume you.'

'Oh, he is mad again, quite mad,' said Atmullah, wringing his hands in vexation. 'Now there will be no end of trouble. Why could you not have waited till the Englishman came?'

'I have my orders,' said the Effendi pompously, but keeping a safe distance. 'If he insists on obstruction he must be arrested. Come away, fool, and let the man get up.'

Menas swung his pole so fiercely that the Effendi started back still further. But at this moment the man in the trench raised himself craftily, and as Menas advanced towards the Effendi he caught his leg, and jerked him suddenly to the ground. Menas was up again in a moment, but he had lost his weapon in the fall, and the four workmen closed upon him. There was a brief but violent struggle, and then Menas lay across his wife's grave while the men bound his arms.

'It is a clear case of assault, and defiance of the Government,' said the Effendi. 'He must be sent away to the district prison, and that before the Englishman comes, or there will be trouble for all of us.'

'There will be trouble for all of us as it is,' groaned Atmullah, whose father had good reasons for not wishing to offend the landowner, Christian though he might be. 'Menas, promise that you will resist no more. Think what it will be if you are sent to prison.'

But Menas was past all reasoning and made that very evident. In truth the cloud which the Abuna dreaded had come over him, and for the time he was hardly responsible for his actions. He was dragged off, struggling fiercely all the way, and that same night, on the insistence of the Effendi from Cairo, he was sent away to the district prison. Within a week he was really mad, and as such he was sent to the lunatic asylum, where he died a few months afterwards.

The Englishman came the next day, and his tent was set up between the fallen columns of the ancient temple and the ruins of the medieval church. Under his orders the men dug steadily all day, and the still shallow trench stretched half across the site of the old city. Down below in the farmstead the old grandmother wailed, and Helena strove vainly to console her. At sunset Kyrillos went to the village for the evening, promising to return in an hour or two, since they were afraid to be left alone at night.

When the old dame had fallen asleep Helena came forth, big with solemn purpose. Since no one else would do it, she, Helena, would go up and speak with this tyrant from a strange country. It might be that, as she had overheard the young priest from Cairo



say, the English were not bad at heart; only led at the camel's tail by the Moslems; and that if one could speak with them face to face they loved justice rather than iniquity. If the Abuna was afraid, she, Helena, was not afraid. If they sent her also to prison, she would at least be with her father. But she could not go quite alone. Sidorous was only five years old, six years her junior, but he was the only man left to the household, and he must go with her. The sun was already set, but the moonlight was growing stronger every moment, and what was there to fear?

'Sidorous,' she said abruptly, 'you will go up with me, and we will speak with this Englishman.'

Sidorous, a sturdy, silent being who had borne the overthrow of his little world and consequent neglect of his important self with stolid resignation, received this proposition with an emphatic shake of his head.

'Come, Sidorous, and I will get you a lotus spear and shield by the way.'

'I do not wish to go to the Englishman,' answered the small boy. 'He will beat me.'

'We will not go too near,' said Helena. 'We will stand just near enough to speak with him, and if he moves we can run fast.'

'I should like a lotus spear, but I do not wish to go to the Englishman,' repeated Sidorous.

'You shall have the lotus spear if you come now. And if you do not come, Sidorous, I will beat you.'

Sidorous got up without further ado. He had constantly been threatened with a beating; but Helena was the only one of the family who had ever made good her word, and he respected her accordingly.

When they were fairly on the way it was Helena who shivered with a sense of great daring and a dread of their own shadows. She would have hurried as quickly as possible along the path by the water, had not Sidorous, with a tug at her dress, reminded her of the compact between them. She stopped, and exerting all her strength, pulled up from its root one of the tall slender stems whose crown of white flower shone like pearl in the moonlight. Sidorous marched on solemnly, his flower lance high above his head.

The Englishman had just finished his dinner and was sitting in the moonlight at the door of his tent. His servant-interpreter and all the men had gone down to the village, so, as Helena

perceived, he was really alone. But, alas! she had forgotten the gulf of a strange language. When the two children salaamed respectfully and the elder began to speak, he thought that they were begging. He was only two months out from England, he had never been in the Egyptian provinces before, and he knew no better.

'What a shame it is,' he muttered, 'that they should bring their children up to it from babyhood,' and he waved them sternly away. Sidorous retreated a little, but Helena stood her ground and broke out into yet more earnest supplications. The Englishman tried taking no notice, but the earnest persistent tones annoyed him strangely.

'Confound it,' he said. 'I must be firm the first night, or I shall have all the children in the village begging to-morrow.—Go away,' he suddenly shouted, in tones which it was impossible to mistake.

'You will not hear us,' cried Helena, yielding a little to the small boy's terrified pull. 'O heart as hard as the nether millstone, may the hand of the Lord crush you.'

'Come, come,' cried Sidorous, tugging at her hand. 'You said you would run.'

She yielded again and they ran. But at the top of the bank she paused again and turned to face the stranger who sat so serenely beyond the broken grave. Her slender figure held itself with erect dignity against the moonlit sky, and in her left hand she held the lotus wand which Sidorous, in his hurry to escape, had thrust upon her. Solemnly she stretched out her right hand, and called down God's curse upon the destroyer of her father's peace and the desecrator of their tombs.

But the Englishman did not understand.

## THE SMELL OF FLOWERS.

BY EDMUND CANDLER.

It was a pleasant fancy of the ancients that the smell was the soul of a flower. Our sense of beauty in a plant, Ruskin believed, arises from our unconscious sympathy with its happiness. If this is so, or if fragrance is the language, if not the spirit, of the plant, then wallflowers, roses, lilacs, violets, meadowsweet, rosemary, and mignonette are the happiest, and therefore the most beautiful, of English flowers.

But to the genuine lover of herbs every individual smell, however sharp or eccentric, is grateful since it is the expression of the mood or character of the plant. The wholesome appetite delights in acrid, pungent exhalations only in a less degree than in dainty and subtle scents. There is nothing gross or offensive in the smell of any English flower, not even in the houndstongue which reeks of mice and 'cureth the rancke and rammish odour of the body,' or in the greater celandine whose orange-yellow juice, especially when the flower has lost its freshness, has an ancient fishlike savour, or in the hot dusty pungent-smelling black horehound of the lanes. To anyone genuinely curious in God's handiwork, and therefore tolerant and understanding with regard to it, these plants are as agreeable in their place as rosemary or stock. As a general rule the more subtle the smell of a flower the greater its attraction, and the more mysterious the suggestion of individuality in the plant. There is an order of sweet smells, and you will find them in nearly every class, which Bacon tell us,

'have joined with them some *earthly* or *crude* odours, and at some distance the sweet which is the more Spirituall, is Perceived, and the earthy reacheth not so farre.'

It is perhaps to this conflict of appeals that flowers like the rosemary, meadowsweet, fleabane, marjoram, and thyme owe the secret of their peculiar attraction.

In the part of his 'Natural History' which deals with flowers Bacon discusses 'smells and other odours' and with much grace and seriousness adopts the metaphor in which the scent is spoken of as the spirit of the flower.

'Sweet smells,' he says, 'are more forcible in Dry substances, when they are Broken, for there is a greater emission of the Spirit when Way is made.'

Then with a touch of contradiction :

'Flowers Pressed or Beaten do loose the Freshnesse and Sweetnesse of their Odour. The Cause is, for that when they are Crushed, the grosser and more Earthy Spirit cometh out with the Finer and troubleth it.'

Many and ingenious are the generalisations that he adduces to explain the origin and degree of smells—why, for instance, the blossoms of trees that are white, as cherries, pears, plums, are 'commonly inodorate,' whereas those of apples, crabs, almonds, peaches, that are 'blushy' smell sweet; and why it is that 'Rew doth prosper much and becommeth stronger if it be set by a Figge-Tree.' The cause of the scentlessness of white-flowering fruit trees is that

'the Substance that maketh the Flower, is of the thinnest and finest of the Plant; which also maketh Flowers to be of so dainty colours. And if it bee too sparing and Thinne, it attaineth no strength of Odour; except it be in such Plants as are very succulent.'

As to the rue's debt to the 'Figge-Tree' Bacon conceives that it is 'not by Reason of Friendship, but by etraction of a contrarie Juyce: the one drawing Juyce fit to result Sweet, the other bitter. So the ancients have set down likewise that a Rose set by a Garlick is sweeter; Whereas likewise may be, because the more Fetide Juyce of the Earth goeth into the Garlick; And the more odorate into the Rose.'

Farmers will smile at Bacon's analogy of the cornflower. Arguing on the same principle of the 'etraction of contrarie juyces' he implies that crops gain by the presence of certain weeds, more especially of the cornflowers 'which come seldom or never in other places, unlesse they be set, but only amongst corne.' The deductions of these old naturalists are as ingenious as the reasoning of the subliminal consciousness in dreams, which with little or no data for guidance reconciles inconsistencies, and discovers the most plausible syllogisms out of the nonsensical material it is given to work upon, and believes in them until the supraliminal consciousness emerges and takes over charge. If Bacon and Darwin had been of the same generation and in possession of the

same data the 'Natural History' of Bacon might have been the subliminal output of Darwin. Yet to an intelligent mind, to whom the book of Nature had been opened for the first time, Darwin would seem the bigger dreamer. What would the sage of Elizabeth's time have thought if he had been told that women and flowers unconsciously employ the same arts for the same ends, that *Lychnis vespertina* is white in order to be distinguished by moths at night, and that it opens its perfumery a few minutes after half-past six in the evening to attract the particular class of insect that is useful to it in the process of fertilisation?

In the daytime the white campion emits no scent. The odour and smell of flowers have been developed in reference to the visits of insects, and as this species is fertilised by moths fragrance is as unnecessary to it in the sunlight as bright colours. Darwin discovered that it is an invariable rule that when a flower is fertilised by the wind it never has a gaily-coloured corolla. From a superficial view there is something almost sordid in this economy; it detracts from one's sense of the happy carelessness of Nature to learn that flowers which do not need the help of insects have no colour to speak of and little scent, like dowdy women who have discovered that there is no point in being attractive. Poets and sensitive youths may regret this first introduction to the laws of commerce and traffic in Nature; yet, if it is a shock to find that lilies toil and spin after all, that fragrance, or colour, or both, are necessary to a plant that is incapable of fertilising itself, and that bees and flowers are exacting in their system of exchange, all this is in keeping with the pathetic fallacy of the poet, who sees in universal Nature a kind of chorus in sympathy with his own happiness or distress. The meaning and purpose behind beauty only add to its mystery, and to the sense of our kinship with earth. We think we have discovered why *Lychnis vespertina* is white, and *Lychnis diurna* red, why the foxglove has a bag, and a thousand other adaptations of plants to the visits of insects; but the way-laying seductiveness of flowers does not in the least explain the dainty and exquisite raiment of the insects that visit them, the bars of the Red Admiral, or the purpose of those eyes that peep at one so intelligently from the back of the folded wing of the Meadow Brown. After all there is nothing in these negotiations between plants and insects to destroy Wordsworth's picture in which 'every flower enjoys the air it breathes.'

Sweet-scented flowers give the liveliest impression of enjoyment;

a gamut of happiness ranging from a modest gratitude in the wallflower to ecstasy in the rose. The wallflower has a certain quality of happiness which is all its own, a ripe and virginal content springing out of the sympathy and sweetness of its nature, and its gentleness is enhanced by the modest beauty of its apparel. Whenever one thinks of spring one remembers the lovely brown dappled velvety flower that throws its warm fragrance across the garden path. It is the favourite of cottagers and royal personages. Maeterlinck describes it as 'dressed like the servant of the village priest.' But his rhapsody on the wallflower is a little too precious and literary for a response to so frank and ingenious an appeal. One almost prefers the spontaneity of Pyecraft:

'Ow 'eavenly that lilac did smell on top of that first down stinkin' its blossomin' little heart out.'

The Cruciferae are not generally favoured with sweet scents, though in masses, as in a mustard field, they attain a rich fragrance. The wallflower, stock, and Hesperis are exceptions to the general scentlessness of the Order, and they make good in the same rich measure as the pink and one or two of the *Lychnis* family in the case of *Caryophyllaceae*, which are otherwise not very communicative, or lavish of themselves, in respect to fragrance or colour. The *Caryophyllaceae*, or pink family, when they smell at all generally have a subtle scent as the cuckoo-flower which has given Tennyson a simile:

'Your melancholy sweet and frail  
As perfume of the cuckoo-flower.'

The violet, rose, and mignonette are of the strong sweet and modest order of smells. The wild rose and sweet-briar are redolent of midsummer. They overhang the deep lanes and mingle their fragrance with the hay, and late in the evening scatter their perfume over the meadows,

'where in peace  
The lazy cows wrench many a scent flower  
Robbing the golden market of the bees.'

The wild rose is the cleanest smelling flower in the world; it exhales the soul of the dew; and its very diseases, as in the robin's pincushion, are beautiful.

It was the mignonette which almost seduced from piety Anatole France's Curé of the Bocage who feared beauty even in flowers.

He banished all blossoms from his presbytery garden save these modest ones, and had 'so little distrust of his mignonette, that he would often in passing pick a spray and inhale its fragrance for a long time.' The man of God had succeeded in guarding his eyes, but had left his nostrils undefended, and so the devil, as it were, 'caught him by the nose.'

The wild mignonette has no scent, and the garden one apparently had not been introduced in Gerard's time. He only mentions two species of *reseda*; one of them, *Reseda pliny*, the Italian rocket, he describes as 'of a naughty savour or smell.'

One cannot imagine a love-scene by a river, in which meadow-sweet does not enter in. We smell it in the Ferdinand and Miranda scene in the first chapter of 'Richard Feverel.' In late July the fragrance of the hay mingled with the warm woody almond-like scent of the meadow-sweet fills the whole valley. In August, the reek of the dykes is of another order—an aromatic blend of mint and fleabane which will grow stronger as the month advances. It exudes the soul of the fens.

From midsummer on the smell of the stream itself is delicious. There is an essential river smell common to all flowing water. You catch a breath of it even in the turbid eastern streams of the Ganges and Euphrates; it is perceptible in the fresh, sea-like fragrance of the Rhone; it is faint, but distinguishable in racing trout streams, like the Dart, Torridge, and Monnow; but it is the sluggish Norfolk rivers that distil the full essence of it in all its luxury of rankness. One must go to the Ant or Waveney

'To smell the thrilling sweet and rotten,  
Unforgettable, unforgotten  
River-smell, and hear the breeze  
Sobbing in the little trees.'

How sweetly it mingles with the savour of flour in the old mill—an exhalation to make the blind see, or the deaf hear running water. From the hole upstream you may carry the smell of the pool home with you in the seed-pod of a single yellow water-lily. In the shallows, where the stream is strangled with rank, umbelliferous weed, sium and oenanthe, stacked and rotting in the sun, you have the true distillation. There is a tribal smell common to every member of this order, exuding with subtle variation from leaf and stalk and flower. The crushed sheep's-parsley leaf gives out the essential fragrance of green shade; the



sium and oenanthe the perfume of the stream. No one who has lived long in parched lands can be indifferent to this umbelliferous smell. The soul of pastures dwells in it, and of shady lanes. One carries away something of it in one's mind whenever one has lain under the shadow of a tall hawthorn or elder by the edge of the hay or the corn ; and it seems only natural that every species of this order should in its form present a little image of shade. Angelica, hemlock, hog-weed must stand for many small creatures in the nature of trees.

The dry umbelliferae of the uplands, spignel, cicely, chervil, and the like, have a kindred smell, pleasant enough, though less homely and soothing and less suggestive of shade. It is strong in the wild celery, parsley, parsnip, and carrot—the plant which delights children by the small bird's-nest formed by its rays arching over when in fruit ; but it is most eccentric and assertive in the fennel, with its mixed reek of aniseed, liquorice, and Sunlight soap. Gerard describes a species of 'stinking carrot.'

'These pernicious plants delight in stony hills and mountains and they are strangers in England. . . . The root is of a most bitter, sharpe, and lothsome taste and smell insomuch that if a man do stand where the wind doth blow from the plant the aire doth exulcerate and blister the face and every other bare and naked place that may be subject to his venomous blast and poisonous quality.'

In most of the umbelliferae you find the same wholesome reek in flowers, leaf, and stem. This is a generous distribution ; for the daintiest smells of flowers, Bacon tells us,

'are out of those Plants, whose *leaves smell* not ; as Violets, Roses, Wall-flowers, Gilly-flowers, Pincks, Woodbines, Vine-flowers, Apple-Bloomes, Lime-Tree Bloomes, Beane-Bloomes, etc. The cause is, for that where there is Heat and strength in the *Plant*, to make the *Leaves Odorate*, then the *Smell* of the *Flower* is rather Evanide and Weaker, than that of the *Leaves* ; As it is in Rose-Mary Flowers, Lavender Flowers and Sweet-Briar Roses. But where there is less Heat, there the Spirit of the Plant, is digested and refined, and severed from the Grosser Juyce, in the efflorescence and not before.'

In some plants like the elder the leaf and flowers have different smells ; in others the same smell pervades the whole plant. If you gather and crush a leaf of meadowsweet in April it will exhale something of the woody perfume of the blossom in June. Many

of the strong-smelling composites preserve all their fragrance in the flower. The chrysanthemum family, however, are, as a rule, exceptions, and exude an identical smell in leaves and blossoms. This is the basic tribal smell of the Order, or as near it as may be. It is richest perhaps in the feverfew, chamomile, and fleabane, and rankest, though by no means unpleasant in *Artemisia* (worm-wood)—a genus which scents whole mountain ranges. The tall lush *Artemisia* contributes most to the smell of Himalayan valleys, whether damp or dry; while southernwood, a smaller drier species, more frequent as one approaches the watershed, reeks at its best, or worst, like an octogenarian Tibetan. In Great Britain the tansy has the most potent smell of the tribe; with the exception of the fennel and the black horehound it is the most powerful smelling of British plants. It has the strength of spirit one might expect from its tight, compact, button-like flowers—a truly hardy exhalation.

Some of the August and September composites have strong savours. The corn sow-thistle when warm in the sun has a suspicion of the chrysanthemum smell; *Achillea*, the milfoil, has a delightfully homely blend of it. The reek of the chamomile is pleasantly familiar in the harvest fields, though a weed execrated by farmers. Spenser in his '*Muiopotmos*' speaks of the flower with evident affection as 'the breathfull chamomill.' Some of the thistles are sweet-scented. The nodding, or musk, thistle has a perfume appropriate to a flower of its beauty. The Carline, like the everlasting, has the dry fragrance you would expect from its smooth, juiceless, straw-coloured bracts—an almost indoor smell. The fleabane and the ploughman's spikenard each have a smell that is strong and subtle at the same time. They belong to the order of smells noted by Bacon which have some earthy or crude odours joined with them.

The labiates have a southern smell, or rather an English mid-summer smell, the plain homely dead-nettle smell of an English lane. A blind man, familiar with herbs, could always detect a labiate by its scent. The tribal smell is strongest in *Stachys* and *Ballota*, most pungent in the mint and sage, earthiest in the ground-ivy, sweetest in lavender, marjoram, basil, and thyme. Thyme, no doubt, is the favourite of the Order, and the best loved of poets. It gave the flavour to the honey of *Hymettus*; one smells it when one thinks of a '*Midsummer's Night's Dream*'; and it has passed into the soul of the Sussex downs, where—

'No tattered herbage tells  
Which way the season flies,  
Only our close-bit thyme that smells  
Like dawn in Paradise.'

The possessive pronoun here is fit and eloquent. The thyme is the pick of the labiates, and they are a very English Order, for we like to think of them as such on account of their homely associations. Their scent pervades our ditches, banks, and hedgerows. The hedgerow smell is a distillation of catmint, dead-nettle, horehound, and woundwort. The ground-ivy belongs to the small band that makes us gratefully sensible of spring. Early in April the green drives and open spaces in the woods are carpeted with its pleasant acrid-smelling leaves.

'Unfooted was the ground-ivy blue  
Whose rustic shrewd odour allures  
In Spring's fresh of morning.'

Meredith was probably the first poet to describe this hardy, humble plant. It adds a note of poignancy to his 'Faith on Trial'; and Masfield has brought it in with agreeable realism in his 'Daffodil Fields.'

'The bruised ground-ivy gave out earthy smell.'

Teucrium, the wood sage, exudes a delightful smell of hops. An almost identical smell is rare in plants of so different a habit. The strangest instance of it is in the ground-pine, *Ajuga Chamæpitys*, also a labiate, which resembles the cone of a fir and is the only flower of the Order with a resinous pinelike scent. The reek of some of the stronger-smelling plants of the Order is offensive to sensitive spirits, particularly that of *Ballota nigra*, the black horehound. The undiluted essence of the labiates, all the acridness and pungency of the class with none of the sweetness, is concentrated in this rank and hairy plant; but though plebeian in its properties, it belongs so essentially to the tribe, that no true lover of herbs can be offended by it.

The leisurely days of the cult of the herb when homely aromatic scents were appreciated have passed away. Rosemary, thyme, lavender, and sweet marjoram have given place to vulgar exotics. The carpet of sweet sedge<sup>1</sup> has disappeared from our cathedrals. Woodruff is no longer hung up in the churches. Gerard tells how it

<sup>1</sup> *Acorus Calamus*.

was dried and hung up in bundles 'where it doth very well attemper the aire, coole and make fresh the place to the delight and comfort of such as are therein.' The breath and spirit of a plant as God made it are more wholesome than the essence of distilled herbs. 'We call not men intemperate,' Aristotle said, 'so much with respect to the scents of roses or herb-perfumes as of ointments and condiments.' And Ruskin commenting on the passage, says,

'Of scents artificially prepared the extreme desire is intemperance; but of natural and God-given scents, which take their part in the harmony of creation, there can hardly be intemperance: not that there is any absolute difference between the two kinds, but that these are likely to be received with gratitude and joyfulness rather than those; so that we despise the seeking of essences and unguents, but not the sowing of violets along our garden banks.' 'But all things may be elevated by affection,' he adds, 'as the spikenard of Mary, and in the Song of Solomon the myrrh upon the handles of the lock, and the sense of Isaac of the field-fragrance upon his son.'

The smell of 'the field that the Lord hath blessed' was probably a distillation of hay, clover, beans, or mustard. We may be sure Esau did not smell of lilies. Modern taste which prefers artificial or sophisticated smells, or cloying 'white smells' like the arum-lily, magnolia, or that abomination—frangipani, is degenerate. Bacon's affections in the way of smell were temperate and English. He preferred 'the coole and delicate spirits' of plants. 'Generally those *Smells* are more grateful where the *Degree* of Heat is small; or where the strength of the *Smell* is allayed. For these *things* do rather woove the *Sense* than satiate it.' He disliked strong white smells. 'If the Plant, bee of a nature, to put forth *White Flowers* onely, and those not thinned or dry, they are commonly of rancke and fulsome smell; as *May-Flowers*, and *White Lilies*.'

It is agreeable to find the lily put in its place at such an early date in the literature of smells, though it is hard to forgive Bacon for ranking the May with it—the blossom which by love and tradition has chief place in the hearts of the English people. Yet the May is a flower of moods. Bacon may have slipped out of his study one morning to collect his last notes for his observations upon smells and found the blossom in an abnormal humour—a phase which he has unjustly perpetuated. Richard Jefferies has noted the uncertainty of the scent of the flower. 'Does the May bloom,' he asks, 'which is almost proverbial for its sweetness, occasionally

turn sour, as it were, before a thunderstorm? Bushes covered with this flower certainly emit an unpleasant smell sometimes, quite distinct from the usual odour of the May.'

The peculiar distinctive smell of the hyacinth seems to evoke an equal amount of praise and detraction. It is a little sophisticated, but far from gross, in its fragrance. Gerard did not altogether approve of it; in his 'Herball' it is described as 'a strong sweet smell somewhat stuffing the head,' and by Parkinson as 'a sweetish but heady scent.' Elizabeth of the German Garden thinks the smell of hyacinths (the garden variety) wanting in youth and chastity beside other flowers of the spring. 'A tulip,' she says, 'next to a hyacinth looks like a wholesome freshly-tubbed young girl beside a stout lady whose every movement weighs down the air with patchouli.'

Bacon seems to have had the best nose for a flower among the Elizabethans. Gerard is by no means catholic in his favours. The 'breathful chamomill' of Spenser had for him 'a rank and naughty smell.' He tolerated the tansy, but some of the stronger-smelling sages were 'too vehement in their odour' for his liking. The violet was one of the few plants that moved him to eloquence.

'The mind,' he says, 'conceiveth a certain pleasure and recreation by handling and smelling these odoriferous flowers.'

And again

'the recreation of the mind which is taken hereby (by violets) cannot be but very good and honest; for flowers through their beauty, variety of colour and exquisite forme, do bring to a liberall and gentle manly minde the remembrance of honestie, comelinesse and all kindes of vertues; for it would be an unseemly and filthy thing (as a certain wise man said) for him that doth looke upon and handle faire and beautiful things to have his mind not faire, but filthy and deformed.'

Still the true lover of flowers will always be attracted by smells 'that are stronge' as old Bacon would say, 'and doe pull and vellicate the senses.' Melampus or the Arab physician, Kharshish, would have delighted in the hellebore and henbane. It is herbs of a rank individual smell that most crowd the mind with associations. Henbane reminds me of a mountain chalet at the foot of an interminable shale slope where a peasant woman gave me a bowl of milk on one of the thirstiest mornings in my life. The flower grew by the midden that threatened to invade

the chamber which the family shared with the cows. Fennel evokes a picture of red-tiled barns and tarred pig-styes and rabbit-hutches beside a pathway leading down through little fields over a cliff to the sea. I do not remember where these associations of the inward eye and the 'inward nose,' as Wordsworth might have called it, became wedded. It is difficult to remember smells when one is parted from the physical reminder of them; but visions are airily summoned up at the faintest aromatic suggestion. In the fertilisation of memory scents are the stamens, sight the pistil, of the flower. And this is the eternal theme of poets, the insinuating appeal that breathes in the exhalations of plants. In retrospective emotion smell is the strongest and the most provocative of the five senses. It is as subtle as music. The exile would lose half his home-sickness if he were insensible to the smell of flowers.

'Smells are surer than sounds or sights  
 To make your heart-strings crack;  
 They start those awful voices at night,  
 That whisper, old man, come back.  
 That must be why the big things pass  
 And the little things remain,  
 Like the smell of the wattle at Lichtenberg  
 Riding in the rain.'

I remember the effect on the Indians of the smell of the mimosa wafted across the stream from the tropical garden of the Arab port when they had come back into the palm zone after the scentless desert. It must have been as sweet to them as the smell of gorse to a gipsy out of prison.

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## QUIA IMPERFECTUM.

BY MAX BEERBOHM.

I HAVE often wondered that no one has set himself to collect unfinished works of art. There is a peculiar charm for all of us in that which was still in the making when its maker died, or in that which he laid aside because he was tired of it, or didn't see his way to the end of it, or wanted to go on to something else. Mr. Pickwick and the Ancient Mariner are valued friends of ours, but they do not preoccupy us like Edwin Drood or Kubla Khan. Had that revolving chair at Gad's Hill become empty but a few weeks later than it actually did, or had Samuel Taylor Coleridge in the act of setting down his dream about the Eastern potentate *not* been interrupted by 'a person on business from Porlock' and so lost the thread of the thing for ever, from two what delightful glades for roaming in would our fancy be excluded! The very globe we live on is a far more fascinating sphere than it can have been when men supposed that men like themselves would be on it to the end of time. It is only since we heard what Darwin had to say, only since we have had to accept as improvisible what lies far ahead, that the Book of Life has taken so strong a hold on us and 'once taken up, cannot,' as the reviewers say, 'readily be laid down.' The work doesn't strike us as a masterpiece yet, certainly; but who knows that it isn't—that it won't be, judged as a whole?

For sheer creativeness, no human artist, I take it, has a higher repute than Michael Angelo; none perhaps has a repute so high. But what if Michael Angelo had been a little more persevering? All those years he spent in the process of just a-going to begin Pope Julius' tomb, and again, all those blank spaces for his pictures and bare pedestals for his statues in the Baptistery of San Lorenzo—ought we to regret them quite so passionately as we do? His patrons were apt to think him an impossible person to deal with. But I suspect that there may have been a certain high cunning in what appeared to be a mere lovable fault of temperament. When Michael Angelo actually did bring a thing off, the result was not always more than magnificent. His David is magnificent, but it isn't David. One is duly awed, but, to see the master at his best, back one goes from the Accademia to that marvellous



bleak Baptistery which he left that we should see, in the mind's eye, just that very best.

It was there, some years ago, as I stood before the half-done marvel of the Night and Morning, that I first conceived the idea of a museum of incomplete masterpieces. And now I mean to organise the thing on my own account. The Baptistery itself, so full of unfulfilment, and with such a wealth, at present, of spare space, will be the ideal setting for my treasures. There be it that the public shall throng to steep itself in the splendour of possibilities, beholding, under glass, and perhaps in excellent preservation, Penelope's web and the original designs for the Tower of Babel, the draft made by Mr. Asquith for a reformed House of Lords and the notes jotted down by the sometime German Emperor for a proclamation from Versailles to the citizens of Paris. There too shall be the MS. of that fragmentary 'Iphigénie' which Racine laid aside so meekly at the behest of Mlle. de Trèves—'*quoique cela fût de mon mieux*'; and there an early score of that one unfinished Symphony of Beethoven's—I forget the number of it, but anyhow it is my favourite. Among the pictures, Rossetti's oil-painting of 'Found' must be ruled out, because we know by more than one drawing just what it would have been, and how much less good than those drawings. But Leonardo's St. Sebastian (even if it isn't Leonardo's) shall be there, and Whistler's Miss Connie Gilchrist, and numerous other pictures that I would mention if my mind were not so full of one picture to which, if I can find it and acquire it, a special place of honour shall be given: a certain huge picture in which a life-sized gentleman, draped in a white mantle, sits on a fallen obelisk and surveys the ruined temples of the Campagna Romana.

The reader knits his brow? Evidently he has not just been reading Goethe's 'Travels in Italy.' I have. Or rather, I have just been reading a translation of it, published in 1885 by George Bell & Sons. I daresay it isn't a very good translation (for one has always understood that Goethe, despite a resistant medium, wrote well—an accomplishment which this translator hardly wins one to suspect). And I daresay the painting I so want to see and have isn't a very good painting. Wilhelm Tischbein is hardly a name to conjure with, though in his day, as a practitioner in the 'historical' style, and as a rapturous resident in Rome, Tischbein did great things; big things, at any rate. He did crowds of heroes in helmets looked down at by gods on clouds; he did

centaurs leaping ravines; Sabine women; sieges of Troy. And he did this portrait of Goethe. At least he began it. Why didn't he finish it? That is a problem as to which one can but hazard guesses, reading between the lines of Goethe's letters. The great point is that it never was finished. By that point, as you read between those lines, you will be amused if you are unkind, and worried if you are humane.

Worried, yet also pleased. Goethe has more than once been described as 'the perfect man.' He was assuredly a personage on the great scale, in the grand manner, gloriously balanced, rounded. And it is a fact that he was not made of marble. He started with all the disadvantages of flesh and blood, and retained them to the last. Yet from no angle, as he went his long way, could it be plausibly hinted that he wasn't sublime. Endearing though failure always is, we grudge no man a moderately successful career, and glory itself we will wink at if it befall some thoroughly good fellow. But a man whose career was glorious without intermission, decade after decade, does sorely try our patience. He, we know, cannot have been a thoroughly good fellow. Of Goethe we are shy for such reasons as that he was never injudicious, never lazy, always in his best form—and always in love with some lady or another just so much as was good for the development of his soul and his art, but never more than that by a tittle. Fate decreed that Sir Willoughby Patterne should cut a ridiculous figure and so earn our forgiveness. Fate may have had a similar plan for Goethe; if so, it went all agley. Yet, in the course of that pageant, his career, there did happen just one humiliation—one thing that needed to be hushed up. There Tischbein's defalcation was: a chip in the marble, a flaw in the crystal, just one thread loose in the great grand tapestry.

Men of genius are not quick judges of character. Deep thinking and high imagining blunt that trivial instinct by which you and I size people up. Had you and I been at Goethe's elbow when, in the October of 1786, he entered Rome and was received by the excited Tischbein, no doubt we should have whispered in his ear 'Beware of that man! He will one day fail you.' Unassisted Goethe had no misgivings. For some years he had been receiving letters from this Herr Tischbein. They were the letters of a man steeped in the Sorrows of Werther and in all else that Goethe had written. This was a matter of course. But also they were the letters of a man familiar with all the treasures of Rome. All

Italy was desirable; but it was especially towards great Rome that the soul of the illustrious poet, the confined State Councillor of Weimar, had been ever yearning. So that when came the longed-for day, and the Duke gave leave of absence, and Goethe, closing his official portfolio with a snap and imprinting a fervent but hasty kiss on the hand of Frau von Stein, fared forth on his pilgrimage, Tischbein was a prospect inseparably bound up for him with that of the Seven Hills. Baedeker had not been born. Tischbein would be a great saviour of time and trouble. Nor was this hope unfulfilled. Tischbein was assiduous, enthusiastic, indefatigable. In the early letters to Frau von Stein, to Herder and others, his name is always cropping up for commendation. 'Of Tischbein I have much to say and much to boast'—'A thorough and original German'—'He has always been thinking of me, ever providing for my wants'—'In his society all my enjoyments are more than doubled.' He was thirty-five years old (two years younger than Goethe), and one guesses him to have been a stocky little man, with those short thick legs which denote indefatigability. One guesses him blond and rosy, very voluble, very guttural, with a wealth of forceful but not graceful gesture.

One is on safer ground in guessing him vastly proud of trotting Goethe round. Such fame throughout Europe had Goethe won by his works that it was necessary for him to travel incognito. Not that his identity wasn't an open secret, nor that he himself would have wished it hid. Great artists are always vain. To say that a man is vain means merely that he is pleased with the effect he produces on other people. A conceited man is satisfied with the effect he produces on himself. Any great artist is far too perceptive and too exigent to be satisfied with that effect, and hence in vanity he seeks solace. Goethe, you may be sure, enjoyed the hero-worshipful gaze focussed on him from all the tables of the Caffè Greco. But not for adulation had he come to Rome. Rome was what he had come for; and the fussers of the coteries must not pester him in his golden preoccupation with the antique world. Tischbein was very useful in warding off the profane throng—fanning away the flies. Let us hope he was actuated solely by zeal in Goethe's interest, not by the desire to swagger as a monopolist.

Clear it is, though, that he scented fine opportunities in Goethe's relation to him. Suppose he could rope his illustrious friend in as a collaborator! He had begun a series of paintings on the theme

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of primeval man. Goethe was much impressed by these. Tischbein suggested a great poem on the theme of primeval man—a volume of engravings after Tischbein, with running poetic commentary by Goethe. 'Indeed, the frontispiece for such a joint work,' writes Goethe in one of his letters, 'is already designed.' Pushful Tischbein! But Goethe, though he was the most courteous of men, was not of the stuff of which collaborators are made. 'During our walks together'—and can you not see those two together, pacing up and down the groves of the Villa Pamphili, or around the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter?—little Tischbein gesticulating and peering up into Goethe's face, and Goethe with his hands clasped behind him, ever nodding in a non-committal manner—'he has talked with me in the hope of gaining me over to his views, and getting me to enter upon the plan.' Goethe admits in another letter that 'the idea is beautiful; only,' he adds, 'the artist and the poet must be many years together, in order to carry out and execute such a work;' and one conceives that he felt a certain lack of beauty in the idea of being with Tischbein for many years. 'Did I not fear to enter upon any new tasks at present, I might perhaps be tempted.' This I take to be but the repetition of a formula often used in the course of those walks. In no letter later than November is the scheme mentioned. Tischbein had evidently ceased to press it. Anon he fell back on a scheme less glorious but likelier to bear fruit.

'Latterly,' writes Goethe, 'I have observed Tischbein regarding me; and now'—note the demure pride!—'it appears that he has long cherished the idea of painting my portrait.' Earnest sight-seer though he was, and hard at work on various MSS. in the intervals of sight-seeing, it is evident that to sit for his portrait was a new task which he did *not* 'fear to enter upon at present.' Nor need we be surprised. It seems to be a law of Nature that no man, unless he has some obvious physical deformity, ever is loth to sit for his portrait. A man may be old, he may be ugly, he may be burdened with grave responsibilities to the nation, and that nation be at a crisis in its history; but none of these considerations, nor all of them together, will deter him from sitting for his portrait. Depend on him to arrive at the studio punctually, to surrender himself and sit as still as a mouse, trying to look his best in whatever posture the painter shall have selected as characteristic, and talking (if he have leave to talk) with a touching humility and with a keen sense of his privilege in being allowed to pick up

a few ideas about art. To a dentist or a hairdresser he surrenders himself without enthusiasm, even with resentment. But in the atmosphere of a studio there is something that entrances him. Perhaps it is the smell of turpentine that goes to his head. Or more likely it is the idea of immortality. Goethe was one of the handsomest men of his day, and (remember) vain, and now in the prime of life; so that he was specially susceptible to the notion of being immortalised. 'The design is already settled, and the canvas stretched;' and I have no doubt that in the original German these words ring like the opening of a ballad. 'The anchor's up and the sail is spread,' as I (and you, belike) recited in childhood. The ship in that poem foundered, if I remember rightly; so that the analogy to Goethe's words is all the more striking.

It is in this same letter that the poet mentions those three great points which I have already laid before you: the fallen obelisk for him to sit on, the white mantle to drape him, and the ruined temples for him to look at. 'It will form a beautiful piece, but,' he sadly calculates, 'it will be rather too big for our northern habitations.' Courage! There will be plenty of room for it in the Baptistery of San Lorenzo.

Meanwhile, the work progressed. A brief visit to Naples and Sicily was part of Goethe's well-pondered campaign, and he was to set forth from Rome (taking Tischbein with him) immediately after the close of the Carnival—but not a moment before. Needless to say, he had no idea of flinging himself into the Carnival, after the fashion of lesser and lighter tourists. But the Carnival was a great phenomenon to be studied. All-embracing Goethe, remember, was nearly as keen on science as on art. He had ever been patient in poring over plants botanically, and fishes ichthyologically, and minerals mineralogically. And now, day by day, he studied the Carnival from a strictly carnivalological standpoint, taking notes on which he founded later a classic treatise. His presence was not needed in the studio during these days, for the life-sized portrait 'begins already to stand out from the canvas,' and Tischbein was now painting the folds of the mantle, which were swathed around a clay figure. 'He is working away diligently, for the work must, he says, be brought to a certain point before we start for Naples.' Besides the mantle, Tischbein was doing the Campagna. I remember that some years ago an acquaintance of mine, a painter who was neither successful nor talented, but always buoyant, told me he was starting for Italy next day.

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'I am going,' he said, 'to paint the Campagna. The Campagna WANTS painting.' Tischbein was evidently giving it a good dose of what it wanted. 'It takes no little time,' writes Goethe to Frau von Stein, 'merely to cover so large a field of canvas with colours.'

Ash Wednesday ushered itself in, and ushered the Carnival out. The curtain falls, rising a few days later on the Bay of Naples. Re-enter Goethe and Tischbein. Bright blue back-cloth. Incidental music of barcaroles, &c. For a while, all goes splendidly well. Sane Quixote and aesthetic Sancho visit the churches, the museums; visit Pompeii; visit our Ambassador, Sir William Hamilton, that accomplished man. Vesuvius is visited, too; thrice by Goethe, but (here, for the first time, we feel a vague uneasiness) only once by Tischbein. To Goethe, as you may well imagine, Vesuvius was strongly attractive. At his every ascent he was very brave, going as near as possible to the crater, which he approached very much as he had approached the Carnival, not with any wish to fling himself into it, but as a resolute scientific inquirer. Tischbein, on the other hand, merely disliked and feared Vesuvius. He said it had no aesthetic value, and at his one ascent did not accompany Goethe to the crater's edge. He seems to have regarded Goethe's bravery as rashness. Here, you see, is a rift, ever so slight, but of evil omen; what seismologists call 'a fault.'

Goethe was unconscious of its warning. Throughout his sojourn in Naples he seems to have thought that Tischbein in Naples was the same as Tischbein in Rome. Of some persons it is true that change of sky works no change of soul. Oddly enough, Goethe reckoned himself among the changeable. In one of his letters he calls himself 'quite an altered man,' and asserts that he is given over to 'a sort of intoxicated self-forgetfulness'—a condition to which his letters testify not at all. In a later bulletin he is nearer the mark: 'Were I not impelled by the German spirit, and desire to learn and do rather than to enjoy, I should tarry a little longer in this school of a light-hearted and happy life, and try to profit by it still more.' A truly priceless passage, this, with a solemnity transcending logic—as who should say 'Were I not so thoroughly German, I should be thoroughly German.' Tischbein was of less stern stuff, and it is clear that Naples fostered in him a lightness which Rome had repressed. Goethe says that he himself puzzled the people in Neapolitan society: 'Tischbein

pleases them far better. This evening he hastily painted some heads of the size of life, and about these they disported themselves as strangely as the New Zealanders at the sight of a ship of war.' One feels that but for Goethe's presence Tischbein would have cut New Zealand capers too. A week later he did an utterly astounding thing. He told Goethe that he would not be accompanying him to Sicily.

He did not, of course, say 'The novelty of your greatness has worn off. Your solemnity oppresses me. Be off, and leave me to enjoy myself in Naples-on-Sea—Naples, the Queen of Watering Places!' He spoke of work which he had undertaken, and recommended as travelling companion for Goethe a young man of the name of Kniep.

Goethe, we may be sure, was restrained by pride from any show of wrath. Pride compelled him to make light of the matter in his epistles to the Weimarians. Even Kniep he accepted with a good grace, though not without misgivings. He needed a man who would execute for him sketches and paintings of all that in the districts passed through was worthy of record. He had already 'heard Kniep highly spoken of as a clever draughtsman—only his industry was not much commended.' Our hearts sink. 'I have tolerably studied his character, and think the ground of this censure arises rather from a want of decision, which may certainly be overcome, if we are long together.' Our hearts sink lower. Kniep will never do. Kniep will play the deuce, we are sure of it. And yet (such is life) Kniep turns out very well. Throughout the Sicilian tour Goethe gives the rosiest reports of the young man's cheerful ways and strict attention to the business of sketching. It may be that these reports were partly coloured by a desire to set Tischbein down. But there seems to be no doubt that Goethe liked Kniep greatly and rejoiced in the quantity and quality of his work. At Palermo, one evening, Goethe sat reading Homer and 'making an impromptu translation for the benefit of Kniep, who had well deserved by his diligent exertions this day some agreeable refreshment over a glass of wine.' This is a pleasing little scene, and is typical of the whole tour.

In the middle of May, Goethe returned to Naples. And lo!—Tischbein was not there to receive him. Tischbein, if you please, had skipped back to Rome, bidding his Neapolitan friends look to his great compatriot. Pride again forbade Goethe to show displeasure, and again our reading has to be done between the

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lines. In the first week of June he was once more in Rome. I can imagine with what high courtesy, as though there were nothing to rebuke, he treated Tischbein. But it is possible that his manner would have been less perfect had the portrait not been unfinished.

His sittings were resumed. It seems that Signora Zucchi, better known to the world as Angelica Kauffman, had also begun to paint him. But, great as was Goethe's esteem for the mind of that nice woman, he set no store on this fluttering attempt of hers: 'her picture is a pretty fellow, to be sure, but not a trace of me.' It was by the large and firm 'historic' mode of Tischbein that he, not exactly in his habit as he lived, but in the white mantle that so well became him, and on the worthy throne of that fallen obelisk, was to be handed down to the gaze of future ages. Was to be, yes. On June 27 he reports that Tischbein's work 'is succeeding happily; the likeness is striking, and the conception pleases everybody.' Three days later: 'Tischbein goes to Naples.'

Incredible! We stare aghast, as in the presence of some great dignitary from behind whom, by a ribald hand, a chair is withdrawn when he is in the act of sitting down. Tischbein had, as it were, withdrawn the obelisk. What was Goethe to do? What can a dignitary, in such case, do? He cannot turn and recriminate. That would but lower him the more. Can he behave as though nothing has happened? Johann Wolfgang von Goethe tried to do so. And it must have been in support of this attempt that he consented to leave his own quarters and reside awhile in the studio of the outgoing Tischbein. That slippery man does, it is true, seem to have given out that he would not be away very long; and the prospect of his return may well have been reckoned in mitigation of his going. Goethe had leave from the Duke of Weimar to prolong his Italian holiday till the spring of next year. It is possible that Tischbein really did mean to come back and finish the picture. Goethe had, at any rate, no reason for not hoping.

'When you think of me, think of me as happy,' he directs. And had he not indeed reasons for happiness? He had the most perfect health, he was writing masterpieces, he was in Rome—Rome which no pilgrim had loved with a rapture deeper than his; the wonderful old Rome that lingered on almost to our own day, under the conserving shadow of the Temporal Power; a Rome in which the Emperors kept unquestionably their fallen day about them. No pilgrim had wandered with a richer enthusiasm along those highways and those great storied spaces. It is pleasing to watch

in what deep draughts Goethe drank Rome in. But—but—I fancy that now in his second year of sojourn he tended to remain within the city walls, caring less than of yore for the Campagna; and I suspect that if ever he did stray out there he averted his eyes from anything in the nature of a ruined temple. Of one thing I am sure. The huge canvas in the studio had its face to the wall. There is never a reference to it by Goethe in any letter after that of June 27. But I surmise that its nearness continually worked on him, and that sometimes, when no one was by, he all unwillingly approached it, he moved it out into a good light and, stepping back, gazed at it for a long time. And I wonder that Tischbein was not shamed, telepathically, to return.

What was it that had made Tischbein—not once, but thrice—abandon Goethe? We have no right to suppose he had plotted to avenge himself for the poet's refusal to collaborate with him on the theme of primeval man. A likelier explanation is merely that Goethe, as I have suggested, irked him. Forty years elapsed before Goethe collected his letters from Italy and made a book of them; and in this book he included—how magnanimous old men are!—several letters written to him from Naples by his deserter. These are shallow but vivid documents—the effusions of one for whom the visible world suffices. I take it that Tischbein was an 'historic' painter because no ambitious painter in those days wasn't. In Goethe the historic sense was as innate as the aesthetic; so was the ethical sense; so was the scientific sense; and the three of them, forever cropping up in his discourse, may well be understood to have been too much for the simple Tischbein. But, you ask, can mere boredom make a man act so cruelly as this man acted? Well, there may have been another cause, and a more interesting one. I have mentioned that Goethe and Tischbein visited our Ambassador in Naples. His Excellency was at that time a widower, but his establishment was already graced by his future wife, Miss Emma Harte, whose beauty is so well known to us all. 'Tischbein,' wrote Goethe a few days afterwards, 'is engaged in painting her.' Later in the year, Tischbein, soon after his return to Naples, sent to Goethe a sketch for a painting he had now done of Miss Harte as Iphigenia at the Sacrificial Altar. Perhaps he had wondered that she should sacrifice herself to Sir William Hamilton. . . . 'I like Hamilton uncommonly' is a phrase culled from one of his letters; and when a man is very hearty about the protector of a very beautiful woman one begins

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to be suspicious. I do not mean to suggest that Miss Harte—though it is true she had not yet met Nelson—was fascinated by Tischbein. But we have no reason to suppose that Tischbein was less susceptible than Romney.

Altogether, it seems likely enough that the future Lady Hamilton's fine eyes were Tischbein's main reason for not going to Sicily, and afterwards for his sudden exodus from Rome. But why, in this case, did he leave Naples, why go back to Rome, when Goethe was in Sicily? I hope he went for the purpose of shaking off his infatuation for Miss Harte. I am loth to think he went merely to wind up his affairs in Rome. I will assume that only after a sharp conflict, in which he fought hard on the side of duty against love, did he relapse to Naples. But I won't pretend to wish he had finished that portrait.

If you know where that portrait is, tell me. I want it. I have tried to trace it—vainly. What became of it? I thought I might find this out in George Henry Lewes' 'Life of Goethe.' But Lewes had a hero-worship for Goethe: he thought him greater than George Eliot, and in the whole book there is but one cold mention of Tischbein's name. Mr. Oscar Browning, in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, names Tischbein as Goethe's 'constant companion' in the early days at Rome—and says nothing else about him! In fact, the hero-worshippers have evidently conspired to hush up the affront to their hero. Even the *Penny Cyclopaedia* (1842), which devotes a column to little Tischbein himself, and goes into various details of his career, is silent about the portrait of Goethe. I learn from that column that Tischbein became director of the Neapolitan Academy, at a salary of 600 ducats, and resided in Naples until the Revolution of '99, when he returned in haste to Germany. Suppose he passed through Rome on his way. A homing fugitive would not pause to burden himself with a vast unfinished canvas. We may be sure the canvas remained in that Roman studio—an object of mild interest to successive occupants. Is it there still? Does the studio itself still exist? Belike it has been demolished, with so much else. What became of the expropriated canvas? It wouldn't have been buried in the new foundations. Some one must have staggered away with it. Whither? Somewhere, I am sure, in some dark vault or cellar, it languishes.

Seek it, fetch it out, bring it to me in triumph. You will always find me in the Baptistery of San Lorenzo. But I have formed so clear and sharp a preconception of the portrait that I am likely

to be disappointed at sight of what you bring me. I see in my mind's eye every falling fold of the white mantle; the nobly-rounded calf of the leg on which rests the fore-arm; the high-light on the black silk stocking. The shoes, the hands, are sketchy, the sky is a mere slab; the ruined temples are no more than adumbrated. But the expression of the face is perfectly, epitomically, that of a great man surveying a great alien scene and gauging its import not without a keen sense of its dramatic conjunction with himself—Marius in Carthage and Napoleon before the Sphinx, Wordsworth on London Bridge and Cortes on the peak in Darien, but most of all, certainly, Goethe in the Campagna. So, you see, I cannot promise not to be horribly let down by Tischbein's actual handiwork. I may even have to take back my promise that it shall have a place of honour. But I shall not utterly reject it—unless on the plea that a collection of unfinished works should itself have some great touch of incompleteness.

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## MEMORIES OF A MARINE.

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE ASTON, K.C.B.

### III. THE ADMIRALTY IN THE EIGHTIES.

AFTER three years 'up the Straits' and far away from all such delights, the following is not a bad setting for deep contentment at the age of twenty-four: An orchard, with the last of the daffodils and pheasant-eye narcissus in meadow grass underfoot, and a glorious blue sky flecked with fleecy clouds seen through apple blossom overhead. An after-breakfast pipe, drawing nicely, and the prospect of a day's trout-fishing in a West Country stream, the first day of six weeks' leave to be spent in England in May and June. So far my life as a subaltern of Marine Artillery while serving at sea had lacked one important ingredient—interesting and responsible work. It came suddenly, amongst the surroundings described, in the form of a telegram from the Admiralty, running (I think I can still recall the exact wording) 'Report yourself to Captain W. H. Hall for duty at the Admiralty on ——. Appointment follows by post.' The appointment arrived the next morning in a big official envelope; I had been selected to serve as a member of the Foreign Intelligence Committee 'during their Lordships' pleasure, for a period not exceeding two years,' and while so serving I should receive my regimental pay (about £120 a year) and an allowance of 15s. a day, a princely income in the eyes of a subaltern of those days.

The appointment was one above all others that I had coveted, because it opened up such an infinite prospect of interesting work which might fill a whole lifetime, and it certainly fulfilled all expectations, that the fishing holiday in the West Country was postponed for thirty-one years. I owed the appointment, as I afterwards discovered, to the custom which then prevailed of changing the Sea Lords of the Admiralty when a Government left office; Lord John Hay, under whose flag I had served in the Mediterranean for the preceding three years, came in as First Sea Lord with the Liberal Government which held office for a few weeks in 1886, and it was he who had selected me. The Admiralty in those times was a very different place from the huge edifice now overlooking the Horse Guards Parade, all that was standing then was the old

building facing the courtyard in Whitehall. Most of the present Admiralty was built on the site of the ancient garden, with its high wall hiding it from the old Mall where the cows used to stand, and glasses of fresh milk and buns were on sale under the shade of the fine old trees which were cut down when the present wide approach to Buckingham Palace was designed. I remember well my first timid entry through the Whitehall courtyard, past the door of what used to be the First Lord's house on the left, and through the big portals to the lobby of the dignified Head Messenger for directions about finding Captain W. H. Hall, to whom I had been ordered to report. I remember being very shabbily clad; six years in the service with nothing but a subaltern's pay had left enough only for essentials, and these, after providing for uniform, flannels for games, and aged clothing for sport, certainly did not include the London turn-out then considered *de rigueur* for all who worked in the dignified surroundings of the great offices of State. But I looked forward to making a better appearance after an interview with a kindly naval agent, to whom I had broken gently the news that I proposed to select him as my banker, beginning my clieney by overdrawing to the extent of £50.

I have thought for many years that a long-felt want would be supplied by anyone, with a real capacity for patient research, who would undertake the compilation of another 'Who's Who' to be called 'Who Isn't,' or by some such title; *sic vos non vobis* would make a good motto for the title-page. It would include all the pioneers who leave their bones in the desert after making the road for those who come after them; all those with forward vision whose names have never been heard by the public, but whose devoted work has done more for the nation than has that of any popular hero; those who have worked without reward, and generally without seeing the crowded traffic along the road which they designed and constructed. In such a book you would find the name 'HALL, W. H., Captain R.N., Born 1842. Established the Naval Intelligence Department of the Admiralty, from which sprung the Naval Staff, which did so much to win the great war. Ruined his health by overwork in the Admiralty in achieving his object, and died in 1895, leaving a son who served as Director of Naval Intelligence in the historic years 1916-18.' Captain Hall's room was up many storeys and through several narrow passages, near where the Hydrographic Department was housed in the south wing of the old Admiralty building, and there I was conducted

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to report myself to him. He explained the scope of my work ; it appeared that there were serious deficiencies in their Lordships' information, which might become somewhat pronounced from the point of view of the existence of the British Empire if ever we should find ourselves at war with a naval Power. We had formed no detailed plans for the employment of the fleet, and we had not the information upon which such plans must be based : it was being collected by a small committee called the Foreign Intelligence Committee, which was working in the Military, Secret, and Political Branch (called for short M. Branch) of the department of the Secretary to the Admiralty.

The Committee had been set up at the instigation of Admiral Sir George Tryon, who had recently been Secretary (he was the last naval officer to hold that post). Besides Captain Hall there were two other officers, and a member of the Secretary's department, W. Graham Greene<sup>1</sup> ; to these I was introduced in the next room, and allotted a table. Two assistants for clerical work in another room completed the department, and to me was allotted ground which, so far, was practically unbroken. I was to be responsible for detailed knowledge of the defences of all the harbours of the British Empire, and for issue of information on the subject to their Lordships, and to the Fleet ; the matter was rather pressing because the naval officers most concerned knew nothing of the defences, and little of the resources, of the bases they might require to use for shelter or replenishment. There was another rather serious gap in their information, they did not know the power of the weapons that an enemy might be expected to use against them in action, so 'all foreign guns (at sea and in coast defences) and torpedoes, mines, &c., and experiments connected therewith' were added to the subjects upon which I must obtain and supply full information. The armour protection of foreign ships also came into my province. To this wide range of subjects was added subsequently a short but somewhat pregnant heading : 'British and Foreign Trade, defence and attack.' This subject also was confided to the individual charge of a young subaltern of Marines. The story reads like fiction in these days. Looking back at those times I suppose that British sea power had been unchallenged for so long that everyone had forgotten that it came within the range of possibility for the British Navy to be called upon to fight against any other Navy.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Graham Greene, K.C.B., afterwards Secretary to the Admiralty.



But to get back to personal memories. It was a great experience for a young marine subaltern, I can see myself now, seated at a table away from the window (the window tables with a good light are the perquisites of the seniors in an office), looking at a blank sheet of paper, dipping a pen in ink, and wondering how to begin. Captain Hall had told me to get out reports about bases for the British Navy for the admirals on each naval station, and he said 'You had better begin with Hong Kong.' Until this day I have never confessed, but I did not even know where Hong Kong was, and the first business was to secure an atlas and find out. I do not want to criticise schoolmasters, as I have never got over the fear of them since school-days, when I realised that within their domain they wield autocratic power over their subjects which transcends that held by the ex-Kaiser, or even by President Wilson in war. I simply state the bald fact that neither at a private nor at a public school had I learned a word of geography that remained in my mind. There was one word I remembered from still earlier lessons, the word 'Jute,' and even now if anyone says 'Geography' I at once think of jute. There used to be a book for the young that tried to stimulate interest by describing places somewhat as follows: 'Lat. A.B. Long. C.D. Pop. 20,000. Trade—Hides and Tallow,' and sometimes it ended 'and jute.' The chief excitement lay in deciding whether to guess 'and jute,' or to leave it at 'hides and tallow' when asked a question. No one could ever tell me what jute was, until I extracted the information, thirty years later, from an 'expert' at an Imperial Conference, but even he was a little hazy about it. I only mention these matters to try to depict the starting-point from which my work at the Admiralty in the eighties began.

A Government office is a machine of great power, and, as with all such machines, you have to overcome the inertia before you can get it to 'function.' Once started in any direction it gathers momentum and is difficult either to turn or to stop. You can compare it to a steam-roller of immense weight; if, carried away by youthful zeal and conviction, you think that the great machine ought to move in some direction or disaster will result, you must study its mechanism, and you must locate two things, the starting lever, and the brake. In every community of a hundred men you will probably find one or two starting levers, men of original thought and driving power who try to get things done, twenty or thirty brakesmen who try to stop them, and the remainder who

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don't know which they are, like the 'little sillies' amongst the Peter Pan fairy-babies who were in doubt about their sex. The first thing to be done by anyone who aspires to move a Government department in any big question of policy is to locate the starting-lever man, and inspire him with the soundness of the idea; he is not always easy to locate; but of one thing you may be almost certain, you will not find him in the limelight. Then, if you are very inexperienced, you will think that something will happen; you have forgotten the brakesmen. You must convert them if you can, and this may be a labour of Hercules, they are probably just as patriotic as the starting-lever men, and they do not oppose progress from a desire to be saved trouble, but from genuine conviction that because a policy established by their grandfathers under entirely different conditions was sound, and was carried on by their fathers without disaster, 'Why shouldn't we do the same?'

First let us look back at the mechanism of the Admiralty in the eighties, and then at the change of policy which Captain Hall did so much to bring about. Apart from 'their Lordships,' who came and went, exercising from time to time an influence which depended upon their personality, and upon whether they stayed in office long enough to make it felt, the greatest power in the Admiralty for good or for evil lay with the inner ring of the civilian staff, the Secretary's department, and excellent folk they were, capable, hardworking, and loyal to naval tradition. They wielded great power, by the way they presented the briefs to their Lordships, by the turn of the phrases in the letters they drafted to the fleet and to other Government departments, and by the influence they could exert upon the tone of the replies from other departments by personal conversation with their colleagues of the great Civil Service, especially the Treasury, where the ultimate power was located, though there was a story of a First Lord who asked in the Admiralty—'For what expenditure do we require Treasury approval?' 'For anything under half a crown, sir,' was the reply.

Every letter arriving in the Admiralty was taken first to the Secretary's clearing-house. Those of sufficient importance to influence policy were passed at once to the branch of the Secretary's department most directly affected. Each letter was then clothed in a 'jacket,' a paper cover of foolscap size with squares on it in which to write the registry number of the branch, the list of people

to write 'minutes,' and there was a space in which these were to be written. The Secretary's department decided who should write the minutes, and the highest authority, put last, was expected to give the final decision, which the branch concerned embodied in the reply. The department also looked up former letters bearing on the question, and decided which of these to attach for the perusal by the minute-writing authorities, should they be able to spare the time. To illustrate the system I will quote an actual example with some element of humour in it. When torpedo craft and submarine mines were first being widely developed as an element in foreign coast protection, I remember conceiving the idea that the Nelson system of keeping close watch in war-time over harbours containing enemy war vessels would require amendment, because there would be too much risk for the warships employed on the watch; it was long before the days of wireless telegraphy, but homing pigeons had constantly been used with success for carrying messages in land war, and foreign countries were experimenting with them at sea. If a man-of-war watching a foreign harbour obtained important news, she would have to leave her post in order to get the information to its destination, so many such vessels must be used to avoid sacrificing the chance of reporting further developments. Obviously, if a few fast yachts or similar craft, each carrying homing pigeons, could do the watching, then men-of-war need not be risked against mines and small coastal torpedo craft, and all watching vessels could send news by pigeon without leaving their posts. The scheme doubtless had its defects, and was capable only of application in certain waters. Knowing that it would be an unpardonable indiscretion for a young marine to put forward such a far-reaching proposal, I got a friend of the 'starting lever' type in another Government department to get his office to suggest the idea to their Lordships, and when the letter arrived I saw it with much joy go successfully through the first of the processes in its Admiralty career. I watched it gradually rising in its jacket without opposition to the highest authority named thereon, but, alas! he could not have had time to consider the matter; he wrote: 'There would be a fear that these birds would carry misleading intelligence.' Pigeons fly very high over the sea, they could not carry misleading intelligence unless an enemy caught them, removed their messages, and substituted others. There was no appeal, my infantile attempt to influence policy was strangled at its birth.

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That is only a digression to illustrate the machinery, and the process through which a letter passes before action is taken upon it by a great office. In those days from a fortnight to three weeks was the minimum time required in the Admiralty, in the War Office it was longer; there they also used jackets, but they had an additional brake on the machine. Each jacket, after the letter had been inserted, was folded lengthways, a sort of ring of paper was then slipped over it so as to hold it round the middle like a belt; I do not know the origin of the practice, it worked out somewhat as follows: The official whose opinion was invited first slipped off the paper belt, then straightened out the foolscap sheet so as to be able to read the contents, and sometimes as many as twenty letters in similar jackets and belts were attached for him to read and he had to repeat the same process for each one to gather its contents. I once calculated that the average official in the War Office in those times must have spent the equivalent of three weeks in every year in straightening out papers before he could read them. I hope that these notes will suffice to convey an idea of the purely mechanical *inertia* which had to be overcome by anyone conceiving the quixotic idea of bringing about any change in policy.

The policy of the Admiralty in the early eighties was in danger of being dominated by the advocates of passive defence. There passed into my possession a few years ago through a second-hand bookseller one of the last copies of a document which would have been of great value to historians if the policy it advocated had continued to hold its sway over our rulers until 1914—they would have traced in it the germ of the downfall of the British Empire. It bears the date 1860; it is called the 'Report of the Commissioners appointed to consider the defences of the United Kingdom,' and here are some samples from its pages:

'During the wars of the early part of this century, when the strength of the Royal Navy had attained an extraordinary development, it was equal to the performance of all the duties imposed upon it; but it appears doubtful to your (her Majesty's) Commissioners, having regard to the present state of continental navies, whether even a fleet of such magnitude as we then possessed, would now be able to perform them all efficiently.'

Then after a reference to the certainty with which the movements of an enemy's fleets could be combined by the aid of steam,

but without giving any credit to our own admirals for taking advantage of the same facilities :

‘ Even if it were possible that a fleet sufficient to meet the emergency of a sudden naval combination against this country could be kept available and fully manned in time of peace, such an application of the resources of the nation would lead to an outlay of the public revenue far exceeding the expenditure which would suffice for that object under other circumstances. The first cost would be very great, and the necessary expense of maintenance would be continued, involving the employment of a large additional number of trained seamen—a class of men who can with difficulty be obtained, and who are necessarily the most costly of any branch of the military service, owing to the various qualifications required of them. A periodical renewal of the entire fleet would, even in ordinary circumstances, be requisite about every thirty years, &c., &c.’

Fortifications were recommended as a cheap substitute for the requisite minimum of naval strength to ensure security, and the Commission built the ‘Hilsea Lines,’ still standing on the land side of Portsmouth as a monument to their policy. Two naval officers signed the report; I wonder how many could be found to do so in these days ?

It was not until I had read that report that I traced to this origin the principles against which Captain W. H. Hall fought with all his energies within the walls of the Admiralty. The dawn of reversion to the policy which won us the great war in the early years of the nineteenth century can be traced in the report of Lord Carnarvon’s Commission on Commerce and Coaling stations. In 1886 that report was too recent to have had much effect upon policy. It was dated 1882, and four years was then too short a time for a principle, however true, to gain sufficient momentum of opinion and affect the policy of a great department—there was too much inertia to be overcome. The Carnarvon Commissioners realised that they could not measure the standard of local defence in any part of the world until the duties of the Royal Navy had first been determined, and they laid them down in these words, which Captain Hall constantly quoted in his minutes and memoranda :

‘ The Royal Navy is not maintained for the purpose of affording direct local protection to seaports or harbours, but for the object of blockading the ports of an enemy, of destroying his trade,

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attacking his possessions, *dealing with his ships at sea*, and we may add of preventing an attack in great force against any special place.' (My italics.)

It is very obvious that if hostile ships are dealt with all the other advantages result automatically. It follows that they should be left no rest whether at sea *or in harbour* (a point missed by the Commissioners), and the soundness of these principles has since been abundantly proved, but early in the eighties they did not carry so much weight. More attention was devoted to what had to be defended than to the forces which alone could cause danger; a building programme was prepared which included chiefly large coast defence vessels with a short coal radius, to be distributed about singly to guard individual mercantile harbours, and the strength of the seagoing fleet was not based upon the strength of foreign fleets. It was clear that no progress could be made without first ascertaining the strength of possible enemies, and the Foreign Intelligence Committee, largely through the energy and parliamentary influence of Lord Charles Beresford, was extended and formed on February 1, 1887, into the Naval Intelligence Department, of which Captain Hall was appointed the first Director. The department did more than its name implied. An assistant Director, Captain R. N. Custance,<sup>1</sup> was charged with the mobilisation of our own naval forces for war, an operation for which no preparation had hitherto been made. The 'N.I.D.' was at first looked upon with considerable suspicion, and met with opposition at every turn; but the work grew rapidly, and almost overwhelmed the small staff. I was fortunate enough to be a witness of Captain Hall's family life as well as of his public work, so am able to speak with intimate knowledge of his daily routine. He got up at about 4.30, worked at home from 5 to 8 A.M., arrived at the Admiralty at 10, and worked until 7 P.M., taking a short hour off for luncheon when he could spare the time, and he worked for 1½ hours after dinner nearly every night; he took no real holiday while at the Admiralty.

Of course we all tried to keep up with him as far as our physical powers extended: there was no hope of another increase of staff, after the difficulty experienced with the Treasury in getting the department launched at all. As an example, I may mention the cutting down of the salaries, from those originally approved, to

<sup>1</sup> Admiral Sir R. N. Custance, G.C.B.

a level far below the sums paid to army officers similarly employed in the War Office. The tradition was that in order to get the best officers to go to sea you must make shore service unattractive. 'Keep them poor' was the motto. As an indication of the attitude assumed towards the new department, I can also vouch for the fact that, when the plans for the new Admiralty building were being studied, only two smallish rooms were allotted for its accommodation, on the plea that the need for intelligence was temporary, and the demand would soon be reduced! I see by the Navy List that, in the Great War of 1914-18, the department performing the functions which fell entirely upon the N.I.D. in its early days were performed by 280 officers, ranking from Admiral to sub-lieutenant, by 90 ladies of all ranks in society, by 106 civilians, and by I cannot gather how many Admiralty clerks, about 90 are mentioned. Just before writing these notes I received a letter from an old colleague of the original N.I.D.: 'I always think of Y— and M— and D— as the small nucleus from which sprang the huge present organisation, in the days when we were young and full of hope and troubles were light.' I am sorry he feels like that, my own memory of those times is that troubles were very heavy, and health often bad; the room in which we were crowded was over a dust-bin, which did not conduce to prolonged energy, and I do not know how we should have kept up our faith in the future if we had not been inspired by the example of such a chief when the outlook seemed hopeless and work thrown away, but the sound principles won in the end, and this makes one full of hope and confidence, even if not young in body any more.

Within two years of the establishment of the Naval Intelligence Department enough information had been collected about foreign fleets and resources to base our building programme, not upon what the Navy has to protect, but upon the strength at sea of possible enemies. The House of Commons, the public, and, above all, the London Chamber of Commerce got wind of the situation, and the Naval Defence Act was passed in 1889; the principles were then adopted which led to the 'Two Power' Standard, and afterwards to the '60 per cent. above the next Power' standard. A system was established, and a 'War Staff' was soon maintained to work it; we were not caught unawares at the outbreak of the Great War, and we made the most effective use of the resources at our disposal. *Finis coronat opus*. I should like to see a statue in the Admiralty courtyard to Captain W. H. Hall.

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My gratitude can never be adequately expressed to those great folk who gave me, as a young marine, a chance of participating in such big events. There is nothing like being told when young the pattern of the great mosaic of which your work forms a tiny piece, it makes the dullest and most monotonous business more interesting. Looking back at those years it is the work that stands out most clearly, but there were, of course, recreations, and the work itself provided its own amusements at times. Soon after the N.I.D. was launched upon its career we were given the opportunity of purchasing a few foreign books that we thought likely to prove of value to us; it was about the time that the French were experimenting with melinite, the explosive that was expected to perform the function attributed to all new inventions, 'revolutionise warfare.' I saw the name 'Mélinite' in a catalogue of French books, and asked that it might be purchased for me; soon afterwards it arrived, a French novel with a glaring picture of an inadequately clothed lady called 'Mélinite' on the cover; we were asked politely whether we found such subjects of special interest in the new department. Then there was another occasion, when Sir Francis de Winton had been appointed to conduct a campaign against a tribe called the Yonnis in West Africa. He was anxious to know to what extent he could rely upon naval resources at Sierra Leone for the use of his troops. His Staff officer came to the Admiralty and asked me what naval stores there were on the spot, and in my innocence of official phraseology I wrote to the Naval Store branch, and asked 'What naval stores are there at Sierra Leone?' They replied 'Only a few hundred tons of patent fuel.' I informed Sir Francis de Winton accordingly, and he at once wrote back to say that he knew that there were lots of boots, helmets, and even hymn-books, so I wrote to the Naval Store branch again: 'With reference to your Minute No. — of — are there not also boots, helmets, and hymn-books at Sierra Leone?' The crushing reply came back by return—'Those are victualling stores.'

Then, apart from the Admiralty work, came rather a tragic little incident at a London dinner party. I was sitting between my host and a lady who, not knowing to what service I belonged, and by way of putting me at my ease, told me that a nephew of hers had just gone into the Marines, and 'Wasn't it a pity?' Only a severe kick in the ankle from my host stopped my tongue, and saved the harmony of the evening.

Official correspondence between the War Office and Admiralty in those times was carried out with great dignity and formality, combined occasionally with a touch of acrimony; it resembled in weightiness of phrase the correspondence between the Chancelleries of the Great Powers. There was one *dossier* which meandered between Whitehall and Pall Mall for about seven years, and referred to what was sometimes called the 'active' and sometimes the 'floating' defence of ports; it struck at the root principle of naval strategy, and it was a model of polysyllabic politeness combined with protest. The War Office was responsible for submarine mine defences of harbours, and brought matters to a head by a letter saying that Mr. — (the Secretary of State for War) would no longer accept the responsibility for the mines, unless their Lordships would provide war vessels to guard the mine-fields; the statement was met with the reply that, before their Lordships could go into the matter satisfactorily, they would be glad of an exact definition of the meaning attached by the War Office to the expressions 'active' and 'floating' defence of ports. It seemed that seven years of correspondence weighing about half a hundred-weight might have been saved, the reply came promptly: 'Such vessels of her Majesty's Navy as may be told off exclusively for the individual defence of individual ports.' The answer was: 'No such vessels will be told off,' and the correspondence was laid to rest.

There was another incident, affecting mine-fields more directly. When I was told to gather information from the War Office for the Navy about the defences of our harbours, it was clearly necessary to know the plans of the mine-fields. To get this idea through the official channels would have taken many weeks' correspondence, so I adopted the more speedy method of walking across the Horse Guards parade and bringing the plans back under my arm; they were given to me, by the way, by Captain G. S. Clarke, R.E.,<sup>1</sup> who at once saw the reasonableness of the request. It appeared on examining them that the friendly channels left for traffic in and out of our mercantile harbours were rendered dangerous by a particularly sensitive sort of mine, which went off when touched if certain precautions were not taken on shore (by a subaltern officer) to keep them harmless. The Admiralty, being responsible above all things for maintaining the security of our sea commerce, protested against these arrangements, and were told in reply that

<sup>1</sup> Now Lord Sydenham, G.C.M.G.

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'naval concurrence' had been obtained. It turned out that the official in charge of the local coastguard station had been asked if it would be all right, and he had given his consent without referring to higher authority. These stories are not repeated with any idea of carping criticism, or to pose as what my old shipmates would call a 'Jimmy-know-all'; I think they are worth recording as illustrations of the incidents which arose in the old days when Admiralty and War Office did their work in water-tight compartments. All that must, of course, have been changed now by an entente between the Naval Staff and the General Staff at the War Office, but I have no hesitation in saying that in the days of which I write the interests of the country were subordinated to inter-departmental squabbling. There was no co-ordinating authority except the Cabinet, and no record was kept of its proceedings, so that on at least one occasion I remember the First Lord and the Secretary of State for War coming away from Downing Street having gathered exactly opposite impressions of a Cabinet decision, which led to years of acrimonious correspondence. It was about Ascension, and the story is too long for inclusion, with all its interesting ramifications, some of which are full of humour.

For recreation during those years there was but little time, the department was too shorthanded. During the first few weeks, when Lord John Hay was First Sea Lord, there was sometimes a chance of a game of lawn tennis in the old Admiralty garden. I had had the good fortune to attract his attention as a player when serving in the *Alexandra* at Corfu. The flag-lieutenant fetched me and I remember arriving at the gangway in great trepidation for my first trip with a commander-in-chief in his barge. Of course, being ignorant of service etiquette, I stood aside for the Admiral to get in first. Senior officers do not like sitting waiting in rolling boats alongside while their juniors step in, so the routine is for the juniors to get in first, and get out last. I hope I may be forgiven this digression, as it may be helpful to others. The game on the flat site of the old Venetian dockyard at Corfu led three years afterwards to several pleasant digressions from Admiralty work on summer evenings, before Lord John Hay left and the work increased. In subsequent years, it was sometimes possible when near a breakdown to get off for as much as a fortnight at a time without the work suffering seriously, but we had no understudies, so there was always the feeling hanging over us of the pile of work accumulating until the day of return. It took about a

year to get acclimatised to indoor office work after having led an outdoor life for some years, and I shall never forget the debt of gratitude owed to sympathetic friends who realised how matters stood. There were no half-holidays or week-ends for us in those days; we worked up to 7 P.M. on Saturdays, as on other days, but some special friends used to lend me a horse to ride in the Park late on summer evenings (that was in the days when men rode in the Row in the evenings in frock-coats, tall hats, tight blue overalls, and Wellington boots!), and one summer, when living at Wimbledon, the same friends kept a pony especially for me to ride in Richmond Park on the rare days when I could take a half-holiday after 5.30 P.M., taking the residue of the work home to be done late. As a candidate for the Staff College, anxious to improve in horsemanship, there was also the good luck for me of being allowed to attend riding school before breakfast with the Household Cavalry recruits in the winter months, a form of exercise strongly to be commended to all engaged upon office work who may have the chance.

Of work not strictly connected with the Admiralty I remember the useful experience of being given charge of an assemblage of about four hundred special constables, of all ages and all walks in life, hastily assembled one Sunday morning in Wellington Barracks because of a danger of riot. I was told to form them up as a battalion to be marched to Trafalgar Square; the only uniformity about them was that they all had policemen's armlets and truncheons, but no knowledge of any sort of drill. We had them ready somehow in about twenty minutes, got them there safely, and stood for four hours in drizzling rain, feeling very hungry; with the assistance of Household Cavalry the police ultimately averted the danger of serious disturbance. There were some humorous incidents. At Wellington Barracks I went up to an old gentleman who seemed rather bored at being taught to form fours, and said: 'You seem to know all about it, would you like to fall out?' He replied: 'Yes, I think I should, you see I'm a retired General.' Then, anxious not to commit myself further, I noted a smart-looking man with a pointed beard whose face I knew, and, thinking he must be an old shipmate, went up to him and asked: 'How do you like this job? When did we meet last?' He answered: 'Did you ever get fitted for a pair of boots at P——'s, sir?' I forget what the difference of opinion had been between the Executive and the People, but one of the

popular leaders of those days against the forces of authority afterwards became a Right Honourable and a Cabinet Minister, so I suppose there must have been something to be said on both sides of the controversy.

Then there was Queen Victoria's golden jubilee in 1887. The weather was glorious, and it was a summer of pageants. The service in the Abbey, the procession up Whitehall led by a row of Princes, with the Emperor Frederick, then Crown Prince of Prussia, showing up conspicuously in white uniform and glittering appointments. (Mentioning the Crown Prince of Prussia reminds me how friendly we were with Germans in those times, they were ardently supporting proposals for increasing the British Fleet. Speaking from knowledge, I agree with recent writers who aver that Bismarck's policy was opposed to all friction with England.) In the pageants were to be seen Lord Wolseley, then a popular idol, and Lord Roberts on his white charger, greeted with ringing cheers as he rode at the head of the detachments of Overseas troops. There were street decorations and illuminations galore, a naval review at Spithead, and a big march-past of troops at Aldershot. We had no 'Army' then, as we now understand the word, only a collection of battalions and other units which were assembled in larger formations whenever occasion demanded, and transport suited to the country was then obtained and allotted to them. No prospect of employing a British Army in Europe had dawned on the horizon; the military idea was that it was more likely to be wanted to fight an invading army, as it well might have been, if the principles of the Royal Commission of 1860 had prevailed.

Looking back at the years preceding the Naval Defence Act of 1889, it is not easy to diagnose the influence of the different popular forces which were brought into play to effect the passing of that Act. There had been war scares in 1878 and 1885, which led to panic legislation and the voting of large sums by Parliament; the chief form of preparation for war used to take the form of a sort of music-hall mobilisation, associated with popular songs of the 'jingo' type, Union jacks, and an extra consumption of whisky. The idea seems to have been that wars could be won by throwing money and defiance at an enemy, and our standard of naval force had sunk to a point of danger which reflected itself in popular panics whenever a storm rose on the European horizon. I think that the chief influence employed to bring about the reform was

used by the London Chamber of Commerce, which put strong pressure upon the Government of the day. Lord Charles Beresford resigned from the Board of Admiralty and worked hard outside for an increase in the fleet, and for a regular plan of campaign, with a staff to work out the details. The work done and reforms introduced in the Admiralty in the eighties of last century established sound principles which enabled succeeding administrations to explain matters to the nation, and to obtain national support for the only policy which can give us security. Naval defence was soon recognised as too vital an interest of the people to be made the subject of party strife; the electorate would not stand it. A few men in public affairs have at times attributed the world competition in armaments to the steps taken by Great Britain in 1889 to ensure security at sea, but it would be more correct to attribute the competition to the writings of Captain Mahan, who published abroad about that period the secrets of Sea-Power, which were then grasped for the first time by the 'Militarist' Powers. Captain Mahan's books were translated into every European language.

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